BRITANNIA and EVE

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"HISTORICAL ROMANCES" BY JACK MATTHEW

1/6

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A Columbia Picture

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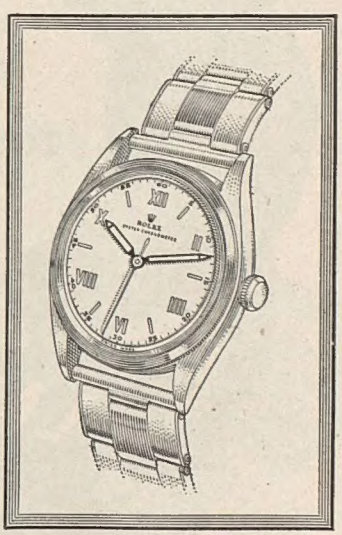

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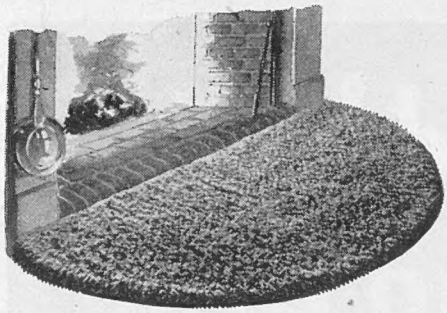

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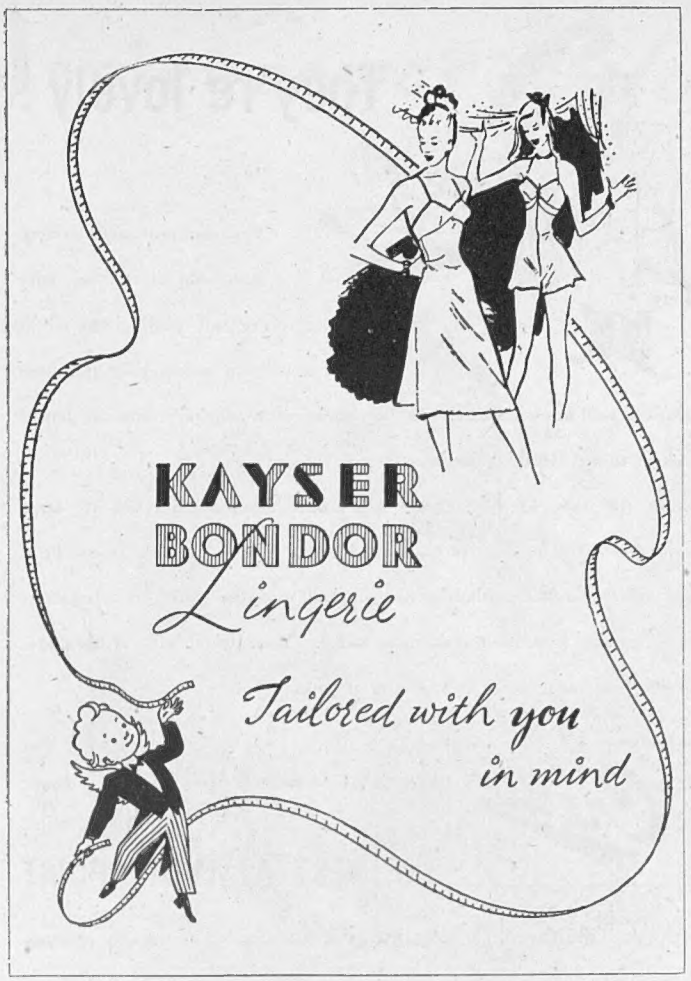

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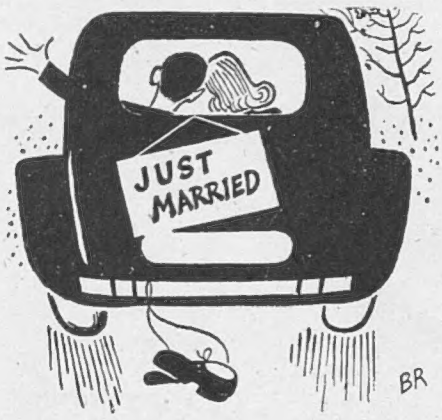

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(A present we can not afford)
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For an appalling photograph,
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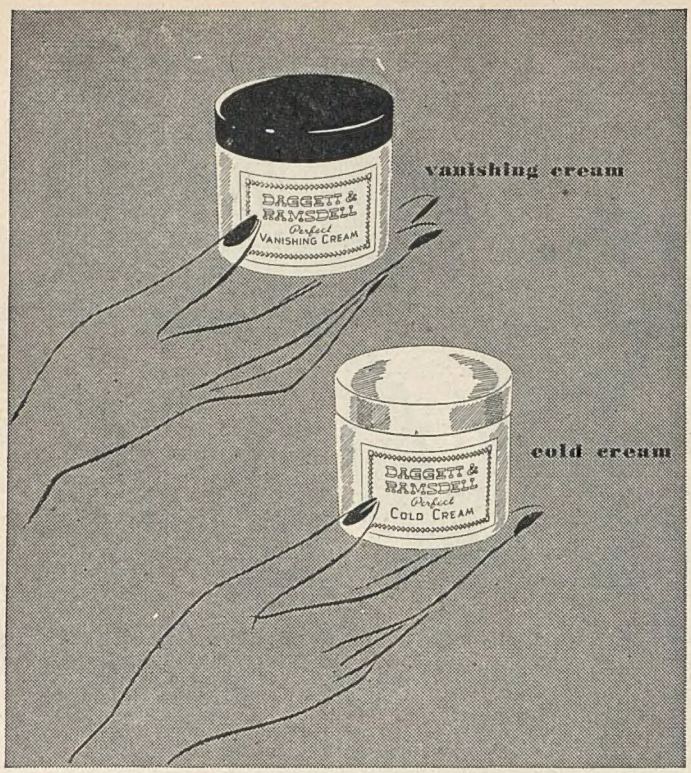

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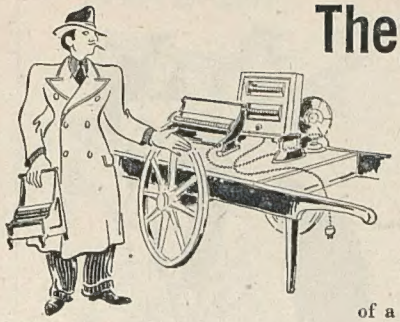

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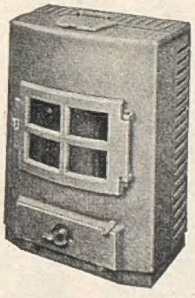

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Head Office: BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND
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The MODERN *way to Loveliness*

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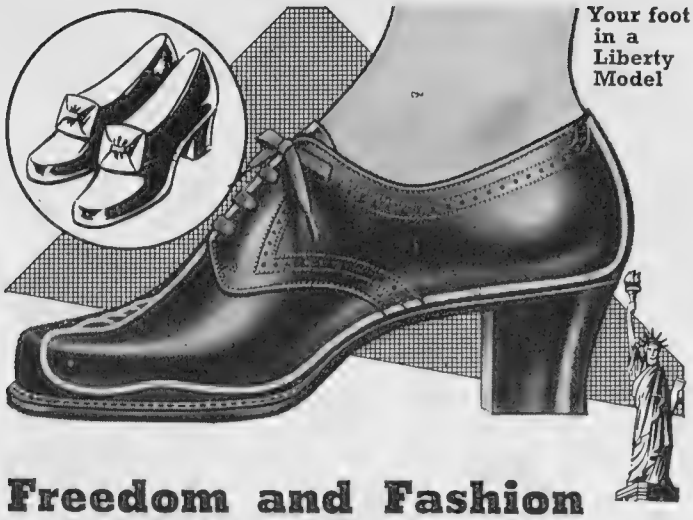

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You can brush your "sets," too, to keep your hair healthy.
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background to every lovely hair style

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E.4.9

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 35, No. 4 OCTOBER, 1947

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Sir Christopher Wren, born October 20th, 1632, died February 25th, 1723. His plan for remodelling the City of London after the Great Fire was not adopted, but St. Paul's Cathedral and many other fine churches and houses still bear witness to his genius

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 72. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

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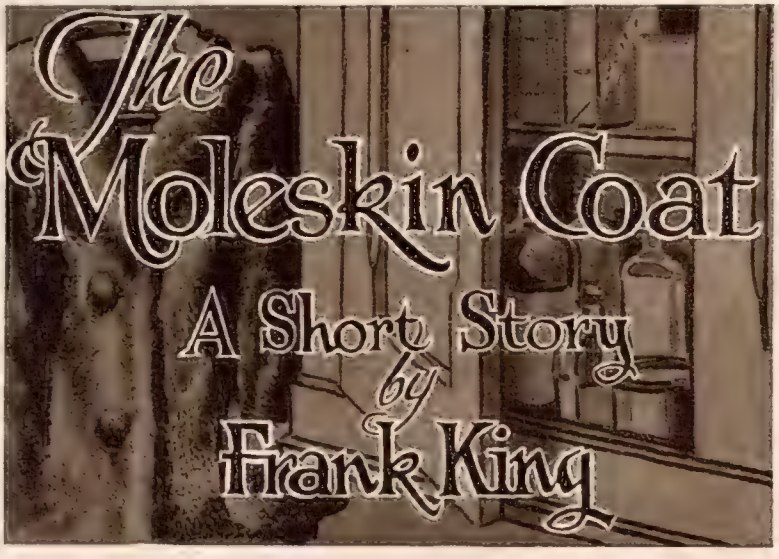
Rennick lay in a most unnatural position on the thick carpet, near an overturned card-table, surrounded by scattered cards and broken glass



THERE was considerable bustle and confusion in Walter Rennick's luxurious suite in the Colossal Hotel. The cause of it all was Rennick himself, who lay in a most unnatural position on the thick carpet, near an overturned card-table, surrounded by scattered cards and broken glass.

The three guests who had been playing bridge with him stood near the heavily curtained window, uneasily watching what was going on, occasionally turning to eye one another furtively. The official photographer took his pictures. Two plain-clothes men were busy noting and identifying fingerprints. At the door Inspector Robert Jamieson, a dour and grizzled Scot, talked with the hotel doctor, Eric Hervey, a good-looking young fellow who could not have been qualified very long.

"You reported it as a case of murder, Doctor," said Jamieson.

"It must be, Inspector. Death from strychnine poisoning is horribly painful, and I can't imagine anyone in his right mind committing suicide by such a method."

"We don't know that he was in his right mind."

"That 's true, I suppose. But—well, would a suicide swallow poison while playing cards with his friends ? "

"No telling what he might do. I 've seen men— But that won't interest you. Let 's have the facts again, please. No fancies or theories, Doctor. Just what you 'd be prepared to swear to in court."

"Yes, Inspector." Hervey's handsome face flushed. "I was called up here by 'phone at ten o'clock. When I arrived Mr. Rennick was having very severe convulsions characteristic of strychnine poisoning. He must have taken a large dose. I could do nothing for him. Even chloroform had little or no effect. He died within five minutes. I mentioned murder when notifying you because no other possibility had crossed my mind."

"How long does strychnine take to kill ? "

"A large dose would act quickly. In this case I should say it must have been swallowed less than half an hour before death."

Jamieson's dour features grew grimmer.

"You 're practically accusing these friends of his, Doctor. Any chance of the stuff having been taken accidentally ? "

"I don't see how. It 's frightfully bitter. No one could fail to notice the taste."

"Doesn't that suggest suicide rather than murder ? "

"Lord ! I—I don't know, Inspector. I 've not had much experience of this sort of thing."

"Let 's hope you never will have," said Jamieson kindly. "Stick around, please. I may want you again, Don't talk to anyone."

He crossed to the window and questioned the three guests, both individually and collectively. This occupied a good deal of time and did nothing to relieve the puzzled expression on his rugged face. When he had finished he stood for a few moments scratching his grey head reflectively.

"That will do for the present, gentlemen," he decided. "Don't leave the hotel, please. Mr. Trevor will be coming along and may want to talk to you personally."

He waited until the three men had gone before putting through a 'phone call. Eric Hervey listened in wide-eyed enthusiasm.

"Is it *the* Mr. Trevor ? " he asked. "Mr. *Peter* Trevor ? "

"Yes. Know him ? "

"No. But I 'll be glad to."

"Got plenty of cigarettes ?"

"Sure. Have one ? "

"I don't use 'em. He does."

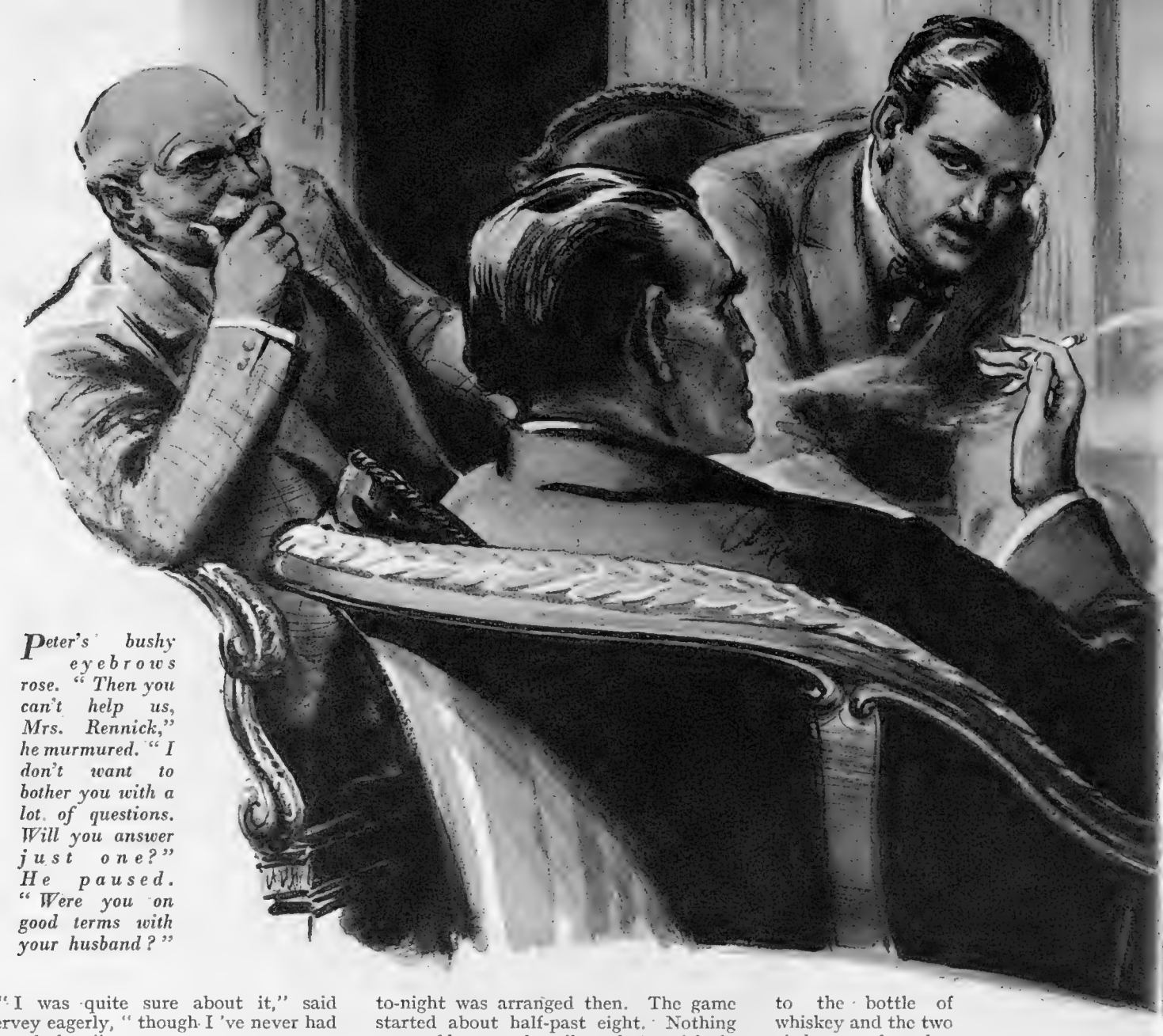
PETER TREVOR always looked like a walking advertisement for a Savile Row tailor. He also looked like Rudolf Hess. Short of plucking his heavy black eyebrows, nothing could be done about this, and he didn't let it worry him.

He greeted Jamieson as an old friend, shook hands with Hervey, and accepted a cigarette.

"Now, what 's all the pother ? " He glanced at Walter Rennick's body. "Ah ! Interesting. Haven't seen a case of strychnine poisoning for donkey's years."

"You can tell—just like that ? " marvelled Jamieson.

"Body arched ; sardonic smile ; extreme rigidity ; tightly-clenched hands ; death from asphyxia. Just what the textbooks say. Don't you agree, Doctor ? "



Peter's bushy eyebrows rose. "Then you can't help us, Mrs. Rennick," he murmured. "I don't want to bother you with a lot of questions. Will you answer just one?" He paused. "Were you on good terms with your husband?"

"I was quite sure about it," said Hervey eagerly, "though I've never had a case before."

"Most unusual nowadays. Who's responsible, Jimmy?"

"I'll feel a darned sight happier when I know."

"Puzzled?"

"Why do you suppose I sent for you?"

"Flattering. Okay. Let's hear what you do know."

Jamieson sat down and began to fill a blackened briar.

"Rennick's a financier, quite a big noise in the City. Lived at Waldron Chase, an expensive estate in Hertfordshire. Married, no children. Kept on this suite all the year round, and spent three or four days here each week. Sometimes accompanied by Mrs. Rennick; more often not. Incidentally, she's just arrived. Roger Spode, one of our suspects, 'phoned her after Rennick's death, and she drove up from Waldron Chase at once. Lovely girl, very distressed. Can't tell us anything, of course. But she's available if you want to question her."

"Good. Go on."

"The three men who were playing bridge with Rennick—Roger Spode, Carl Trevelyan and John Caswell—are both friends and business associates. Their stories agree in every detail. The four of them had lunch together to-day after a board meeting, and the card-party for to-night was arranged then. The game started about half-past eight. Nothing unusual happened until nearly ten o'clock. Then Rennick, in the middle of a deal, suddenly gave a kind of strangled cry and lurched forward in his chair, overturning the table. He fell to the floor in what they thought was a kind of fit.

"Scared, they tried to do something for him, unfastening his collar and tie, attempting to give him a drink. Every time they touched him, another attack started. Trevelyan rang the office, asking for the hotel doctor. Hervey here came along straight away, but— You tell him, Hervey."

Hervey went into some technical details.

"Even chloroform wouldn't control the convulsions, Mr. Trevor," he added. "He must have had a very big dose."

Peter nodded thoughtfully, straightening his tie.

"You did everything possible. The implications are rather startling. Such rapid action means not only a big dose, but a big dose taken a very short time before death. They all had drinks beside them, I see. Two tumblers broken, presumably when the table was upset. You've found nothing here, I suppose, Jimmy? Mind if I try?"

He tested all the tumblers, touching the traces of liquid left in them with the tip of his finger and gingerly tasting. Shaking his head, he turned his attention to the bottle of whiskey and the two siphons of soda-water which stood on a table.

'Not a sausage," he murmured. "You've searched the suite?"

"There's no strychnine in it," stated Jamieson positively, "except what's inside Walter Rennick."

"And that's what really matters, eh? How was it administered?"

"How should I know? In view of what Hervey told me—that it must have been taken within half an hour of death—I questioned those three pretty closely. They're all intelligent, and realise that they're in a nasty jam. In spite of this, they've made no attempt to suggest that Rennick committed suicide. They say they didn't see him swallow anything except several drinks. They say, too, that not one of the four went out of the room between half-past eight and ten. But they admit that any one of them, including Rennick himself, could have tampered with his drink. Glasses were replenished regularly by whoever was 'dummy.' And they were all 'dummy' more than once during the evening."

Peter's heavy eyebrows bunched together in a frown.

"Opportunity to drop strychnine into a glass, yes. But would anyone drink it? And had anyone the opportunity to swill the glass afterwards?"

Illustrations by Frank Lea

He crushed out his cigarette and began to whistle, a mutilated, barely recognisable version of "Annie Laurie." After suffering this for a while, Jamieson gestured to Hervey, who at once offered his cigarette-case.

"If the three of them were working together, Mr. Trevor," he suggested diffidently, "they might have compelled Rennick to swallow the strychnine in solid form."

"Difficult—but possible, I suppose. And it may have gone down in solid form if he killed himself. Thanks, Doctor. Got a light, Jimmy? Any views about why he died?"

"Is accident out of it?"

"I think so. Strychnine isn't a thing you find lying about. Almost impossible to obtain by legitimate means. And it's so intensely bitter that no one but a brass monkey could swallow a dose without knowing something was wrong and taking steps to right it."

"That bitterness certainly does make suicide seem more probable. But as Hervey points out, it's a horrible death, and there's no obvious reason why Rennick should poison himself during a game of cards. Mrs. Rennick won't hear of it; says he was perfectly well and happy. His three friends confirm this. According to them, he'd just pulled off a big business deal and was on top of the world. So my vote's for murder."

"Any hint of a motive?"

"No—except that he always drove a hard bargain. When we get down to disentangling his finances, we may find that his death benefits any one or all of his friends."

"You've a suspicious mind, Jimmy. But I agree. I can't believe in either accident or suicide. In fact, the whole situation's rather incredible."

"I don't get you."

"I'm not very clear myself. I shan't be clear until I know how the strychnine was administered. Nothing in these glasses—and no one had time to do any clearing up, if the stories we've heard are true. A pill or something of the kind is remotely possible. But how could any one of these three have persuaded Rennick to take a pill without the knowledge of the others?"

Eric Hervey uttered an excited exclamation.

"Suppose they were all in it, Mr. Trevor? They could have forced him to swallow something much earlier in the evening, and waited until he was on the point of death before sending for me. Then they'd have had time to clear away anything incriminating."

"Not a bad notion, Doctor." Peter shook his head, carefully brushing some cigarette ash from his coat. "But it won't do. On your own showing, the violence of the convulsions indicates a large dose, and a large dose indicates recent administration. Apart from this, if the three of them had been in collusion, wouldn't they have told a story definitely

accusing Rennick of suicide instead of leaving themselves under strong suspicion of murder ? "

He smoked furiously for a few moments in silence.

" We 've got to find out how Rennick took his strychnine. That 's the crux of the matter. Any hypodermic marks on him ? "

" I never thought of looking," admitted Hervey, crestfallen.

" Hardly likely ; still, we 'd better make sure."

There were none of the small punctures left by a hypodermic needle on the dead man's body. But a new interest glinted in Peter's dark eyes when he noticed a slight malformation of several finger-joints. He sat back on his heels, careless of the knife-edge crease in his trousers, and whistled a few bars of something resembling " Loch Lomond."

Jamieson recognised the symptoms.

" You 're on to something, Mr. Trevor," he accused.

" Maybe, Jimmy. Dunno yet. Got a cigarette ? Oh, thanks, Doctor. Look. What do you make of this ? "

" Commencing osteo-arthritis, isn't it?"

" He hasn't asked you for any treatment ?"

" No."

" He 's had it a long time, of course. I wonder . . ."

Another few bars of " Loch Lomond " ; again cut short by Jamieson.

" You 're not suggesting that he 's been taking strychnine for this arthritis, and somehow managed to get an overdose ? "

" No, not that, Jimmy. But I 'd like to know if he 's been taking anything. And if so, what."

" Seems queer to me. If you 're upset about it, Mrs. Rennick should——"

" Of course. We 'll ask her."

" Now ? "

" Please."

Puzzled, Jamieson led the way along softly-carpeted corridors to the room where Lucy Rennick was anxiously awaiting the result of the enquiry. As he had said, she was a very beautiful woman, considerably younger than the husband she had lost so tragically. When he introduced Peter she managed a pitiful smile of greeting.

" I—I think I 've heard of you, Mr. Trevor," she faltered.

He uttered suitable condolences, mentioned Roger Spode's 'phone call to her, then came to the point.

" Can you tell us anything about Mr. Rennick's arthritis ? "

A flicker of surprise showed in her tear-stained eyes.

" What 's that ? "

" He has a slight deformity of several finger-joints."

" Oh. I—I 've never noticed it."

Peter's bushy eyebrows rose.

" Then you can't help us," he murmured. " I don't want to bother you with a lot of questions. Will you answer just one ? " He paused. " Were you on good terms with your husband ? "

" Perfectly ! " Her lovely face flushed angrily. " And I can't see that you 've any right to suggest——"

" I haven't," he admitted quietly. " Sorry to have troubled you, Mrs. Rennick."

He remained silent and preoccupied as they returned to the suite, where he stood for a while whistling something which might have been " Auld Lang Syne."

" Curious," he said then, " that a wife in normal relationship with her husband should be ignorant of the fact that he had a painful affliction of the hands. Nothing interesting in his pockets ? Let 's take a look in his bedroom."

" What are we looking for ? " asked Jamieson.

" A small box of some sort. May contain a few capsules. Probably has an aromatic smell."

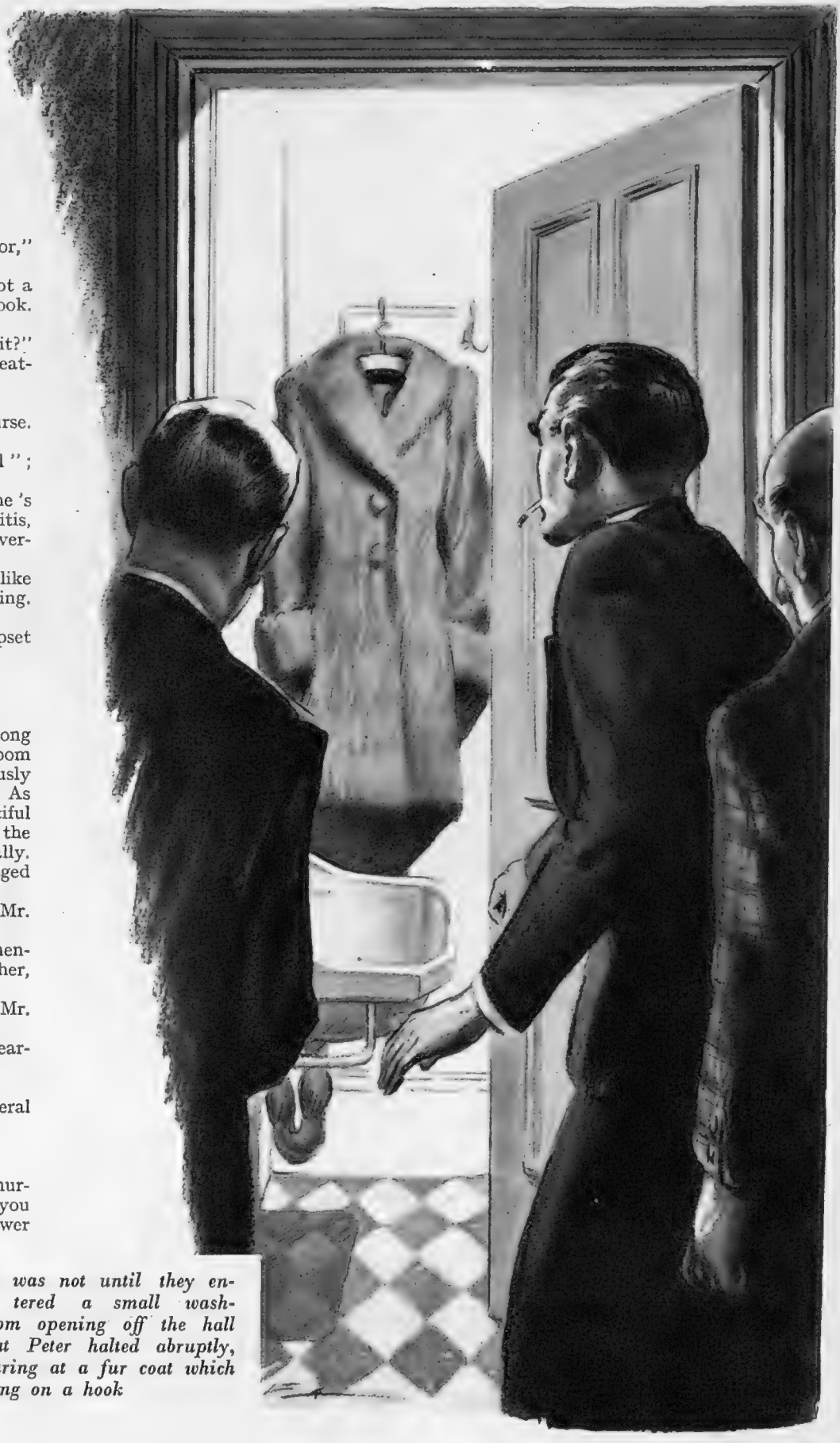
" No need to search. I noticed it earlier on." Jamieson produced an old-fashioned silver matchbox from a dressing-table drawer. " This what you 're after ? It 's empty, but it smells like you say."

Peter sniffed at the box, nodded eagerly, and passed it to Hervey.

" Recognise what 's been in it ? "

" I 'm afraid I don't, Mr. Trevor."

" Guaiacol." (*Continued on page 56*)



It was not until they entered a small washroom opening off the hall that Peter halted abruptly, staring at a fur coat which hung on a hook

Tomorrow THE MOON

By G. Edward Pendray

(One of the Founders of the American Rocket Society)

ONE evening in November, 1944, a sweating crowd of German workmen guided by a hand-picked group of army men and observed by four or five excited scientists, set up on a flat piece of concrete somewhere in Belgium a tall cylinder of metal. It stood on three large fins, and pointed directly at the sky.

At a command, the workmen hurriedly withdrew. Somebody pushed a trigger on the projectile, throwing it in the position to fire. With a blast of flame that shook the evening countryside, the pointed cylinder began an upward curving flight that was to end *just six minutes later* in London—nearly 250 miles away.

It was one of the first of the German V-2 rocket bombs; a projectile forty-five feet long, five feet in diameter, weighing twelve tons. It was capable of reaching a maximum speed of more than 3,600 miles an hour. Its trajectory arched nearly seventy miles above the earth. It carried a ton of explosive, hurling it nearly ten times as far as the longest range cannon.

This rocket not only shook London; it cast a long, speculative shadow into the future. Henceforth, no nation, no matter how protected by water or distance, was to be free from the threat of bombardment from an enemy land. A new era was opening in the arts of peace too; for a projectile capable of carrying explosives at speeds rivalling the telegraph can also carry mail and express—maybe even passengers.

One interesting thing about the German V-2 bombs was that in origin they weren't really German at all. They were American. Designs for similar projectiles, but planned for peacetime uses, were fully worked out in the United States, long before the war.

The Germans made some especially spectacular applications of rocket power, but the Allies have done some amazing things with it, too—a lot of which we haven't yet heard much about.

The still unexplored possibilities of rocket power are absolutely breathtaking.

Take, for example, the old idea—old, that is, among rocketors: of shooting mail, and maybe passengers at mile-a-second speeds from one point to another over the earth. This notion was considered just too fantastic by conservative engineers a few years ago. Now it is almost a statement of present possibilities, as the German V-2 rocket proved.

The cost of carrying mail by rocket power may, of course, be greater than by aeroplane. It costs more to carry it by aeroplane than by mule-team too. People are usually willing to pay something extra for speed—and above everything else speed is what the rocket has to offer.

Rocket motors which have already been developed should make it possible to shoot large payload-carrying rockets for distances upward of 400 miles. Mail could be sent by rocket over this distance in just seven and a half minutes.

A little more improvement in the motor, and we could probably shoot 500 miles. This distance will take a little longer—about eight minutes.

Of course, shots up to about 500 miles are only what could be done now, or in the near future. There is no reason to suppose that rockets will stop there.

The Germans claimed to have been readying some jet propelled weapons capable of shooting across the Atlantic, to bombard New York and Boston from the continent of Europe. Details are still lacking as to just what sort of devices they had in mind, but the idea is by no means fantastic.

To cross the Atlantic, a rocket would have to reach the enormous trajectory speed of 22,000 feet per second—about four and a half miles a second; or say, 16,200 miles an hour. It would have to fly in a high arc, sweeping clear out of the earth's atmosphere during part of the flight; maybe reaching altitudes of 500 miles or more. It would make the entire tremendous voyage from Europe to America in just a little over fourteen minutes.

In such a rocket, a man in Paris might mail a letter to his friend in New York—and

(*Continued on page 70*)

Decoration by J. Nicolson

Show Business . . .

THE stocky man snorted as he came out of the circus. "I could put on a better show myself." He paused, struck by a thought. "Well, why shouldn't I?"

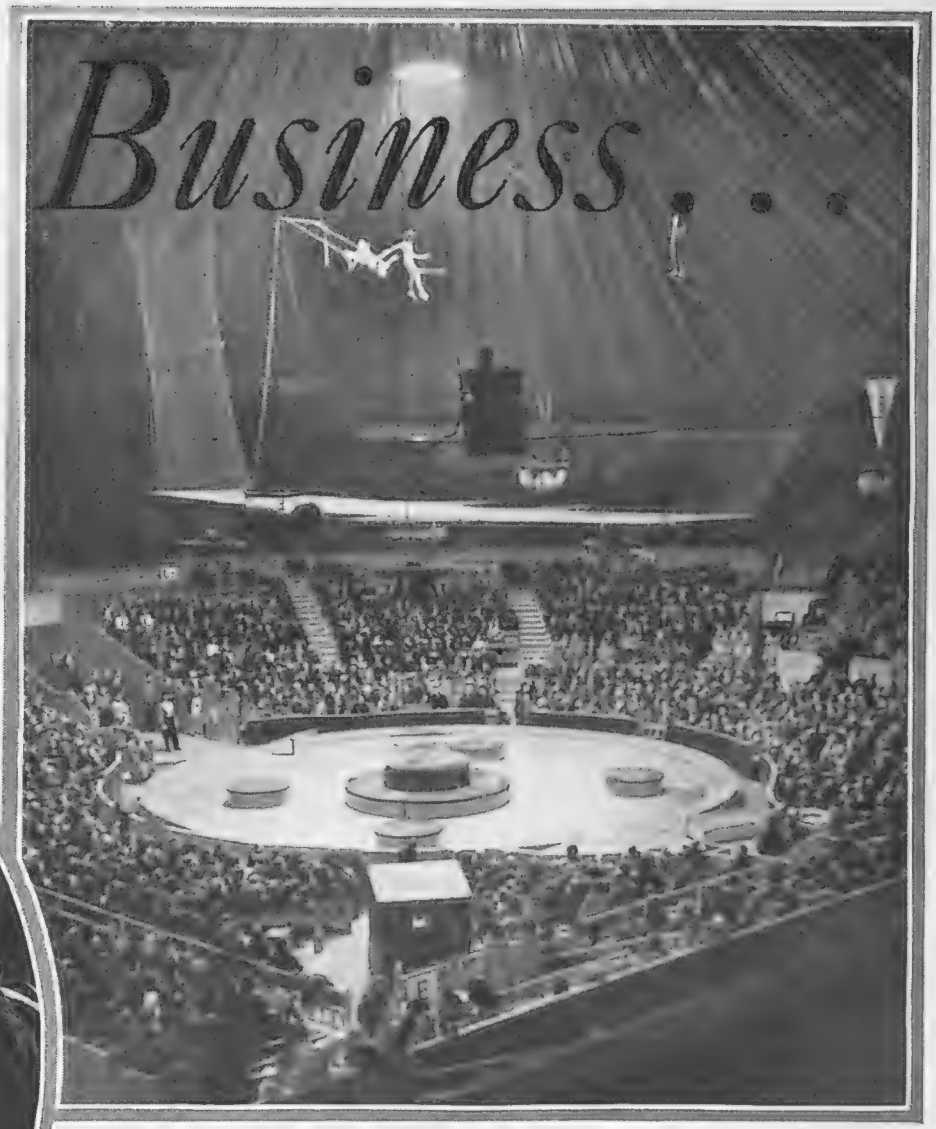
He had been in the coach-building and livery-stable business, moved into the new motor car field, made money during the war as agent for one of the great American car producers. He climbed into his Rolls, toured Europe, found a good bear act in Riga, an acrobat team in Milan, a couple of clowns in Paris, he knew where to get his own English horses. He leased Olympia, put on his show. It was an immense success. Bertram Mills was in the show business.

Last summer his two sons. Bernard and Cyril, having made a £200,000 profit (five times 1938 profit) in the first full post-war year's run of their inherited Mills Circus—taken out of moth balls after the six years' war—sold the public a one-third interest in the £30,000 capitalized show. They got £420,000 for the one-third interest—not all from the public, the underwriters had to take a sizeable slice of the 1s. shares offered at 40s.–42s.

But it's a timely reminder that there's gold in them thar shows. Provided, of course, they're good.

It's natural enough. People tire of working lives and everyday life. They hunger for something out of the ordinary. They want to be excited and

On left: Leslie Banks as father and Sophie Stewart as mother in a scene from *Life With Father* at the Savoy Theatre. This play has broken all records in theatrical history. Ran for eight years—3,213 performances—in New York and has taken more than 10 million dollars. The original sponsors have already made £100 for every £1 they invested



Above: A spectacular trapeze act at Bertram Mills's Circus at Olympia. Made a profit of £200,000 in the first full post-war year's run and a third share was sold recently to the public for £420,000. The shilling shares were offered at 40s.-42s.

Another scene from *Life With Father* at the Savoy Theatre, reading from left to right the characters are Peter Thomas as Whitney, Brian Parker as Harlan, Rowland Bartrop as Clarence, Phillip Hillman as John, Sophie Stewart as mother and Leslie Banks as father

People tire of working lives and everyday life. They hunger for something out of the ordinary. They want laughs, colour and thrills, to be charmed, enchanted, touched. They want a show, and if you can provide it, you cash in

By C. Patrick Thompson

astonished. They want laughs and colour and thrills. They want to be charmed, enchanted, touched. They want a show, and if you can provide it, you cash in.

SHREWD men realize this and put on a show—in more senses than one, and sometimes for motives other than monetary profit. Mussolini put on a show from his balcony, Churchill from No. 10, Roosevelt from the White House—they said that every day was Christmas when Roosevelt was there, but when Truman came in, every day went back to everyday. The Cæsars found they had to provide circuses as well as bread. Hitler, too, whose Nazi circuses were the most gorgeous and impressive ever during the run of his bloody show.

The scrubby little man who appeared at Bow Street on a traffic-obstruction charge the other day was in the great tradition. He had a few acrobatic tricks, but he made them look something by making a show with a piece of wood. "I'm very clever with a piece of wood," he said. He meant: "I'm more than an acrobat, I'm a showman." He attracted 400 people to his show in next to no time. It was unfortunate that they completely jammed the street.

Barnum and the late lamented Texas Guinan both called the thrill-seeking people whose money they took "suckers." Barnum did pretty well out of them. He left some £2,000,000. His circus was an enormous affair, but he made his biggest money out of a midget. Exploiting General Tom Thumb, he took £1,000 a day in some American big cities. At the old Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly, the takings were £600 a day. The tiny man, enriched by his share, retired to a country estate, and spent a fortune on yachts and horses, and diamonds for his wife, another dwarf, Lavinia Warren, who had four brothers and two sisters, all nearly six feet tall, and who claimed descent from William the Conqueror's daughter, Gruneda, who married William, Earl of Warren.

Strange that millions will pay just to look at a little man—he wasn't the world's smallest, either: Commodore Nutt, his rival for Lavinia's hand and heart, beat him by several pounds and inches. But stranger still that they will part with money just to look at fleas jump. The owners of the old Westminster Aquarium thought that the enterprising Scot, Stewart, was making a mistake when he hired space and put in as his attraction a troupe of "performing" fleas. But Stewart knew what he was doing. His fleas became the (*Continued on page* 55)

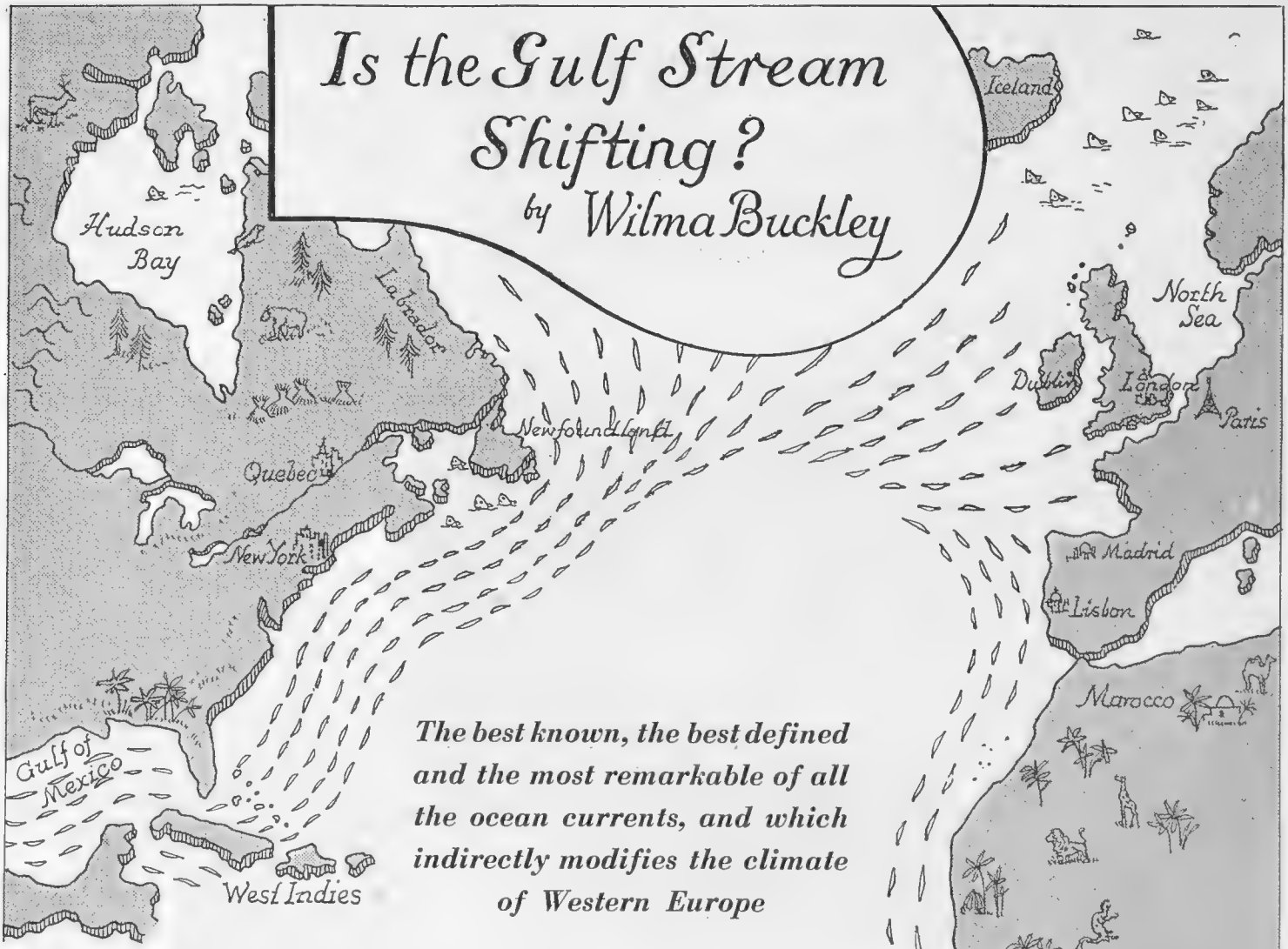
Above: The Wallenda Family performing their famous high wire feature act on bicycles at the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus in New York. Barnum in his time made a fortune out of show business and left £2,000,000

On right: Monty Woolley as Sheridan Whiteside in the film version of *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, the George S. Kaufman—Moss Hart comedy. A visit paid by Alexander Woollcott—wit and dramatic critic who loved to be libelled and made a cult of rudeness—to Moss Hart gave the authors the idea for this play, which turned out a smash hit

Robert Morley as Sheridan Whiteside, Coral Browne as Meggie Cutler and Edward Cooper as Beverley Carlton in a scene from *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, when it was produced in London at the Savoy Theatre

Is the Gulf Stream Shifting?

by Wilma Buckley



The best known, the best defined and the most remarkable of all the ocean currents, and which indirectly modifies the climate of Western Europe

THE weather in this country has always been a portentous subject for conversation and conjecture, for obvious reasons. It has also provided an easy get-out for the conversationally paralysed.

Now that the leaves are falling, smoke rising from autumnal bonfires, the summer's heat-waves recede into limbo and memories of last winter rather brutally take their place. Will this year, next year, bring the same intensity of cold upon us? Was the winter of 1947 merely a rare English eccentricity, not to be repeated for a lengthy span? After all it was only seven years ago, the first winter of the war, that we had another such hard winter. Can it be (and this in a hushed whisper) that the Gulf Stream is shifting its course?

This Gulf Stream, so airily discussed, sometimes in ignorance of its origins, is a warm sea current that flows north-eastwards from the Gulf of Mexico, along the east coast of the United States, then diagonally across the Atlantic, obligingly embracing our shores in its temperature-raising drift. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* tells us that, "The Gulf Stream is a narrow deep current, and its velocity is estimated at about eighty miles a day." Chambers, magnificently pontificating, refers to it as the phenomenon of oceanic circulation.

What is more important is the fact that the normally temperate climate of the British Isles is dependent on the continuance of this benign current. The Scilly Isles, the Cornish coast, have always borne witness to the Gulf Stream's beneficent tresses, being almost tropical in its green splendour; oranges and lemons have actually been grown out-of-doors in the gardens of Dunster Castle, near Minehead, and this in spite of their north-facing aspect. And who has not, lately, seen those estate agents' advertisements, so carefree in their adjectives, of properties on the west coast of Scotland, "direct on the Gulf Stream"?

THE climatic vagaries of the last year have, naturally, caused a good deal of speculation, to which uneasy rumours and "travellers' tales" have added their quota. Russian and Norwegian scientists are inclining to the belief that the Gulf Stream is moving northwards; Greenland and Iceland and the Arctic appear to be in for a warmer time of it. One of the professors at the University of Stockholm, basing his evidence on records of temperature, shrinking glaciers, and north-bound shoals of fish, believes that the winters in Scandinavian countries have been slightly milder since the last century. "Milder" is a comparative term, the difference in temperature being only a couple of degrees or so; but the fact remains that mountain glaciers in Greenland and Iceland and Lapland have dwindled and, in some cases, vanished entirely, and large quantities of cod now appear in hitherto fishless waters far north in the Arctic Circle.

ALL this takes a bit of explaining. In the experts' view it means that the northernmost parts of the world may become temperate and, in millions of years to come, the whole earth will be warm from Pole to Pole. Alternatively, this shrinkage of glaciers, these Arctic fish-visitations, may merely be symptomatic of an inter-glacial period. Cold increases or lessens in cycles, and the slight but definite improvement in far northern climes may be only (speaking comparatively) temporary. It would be natural enough for a Stockholm professor to think otherwise, however, for the locals would surely hang upon his words if they adumbrated a warmer future.

FROM our own point of view in this country, the shifting course of the Gulf Stream might cause gradual changes in this way: the northerly regions of Great Britain could well become the warmest, and the West Country and "Sunny South Coast" assume a very much bleaker aspect. How then would one railway company be able to cope with another's fulsome riviera talk!

It is, of course, only a coincidence that, during the English rigours of last February, certain Highland districts were basking in sunshine and balmy airs. At any rate, nobody can live long enough to test the truth of this Gulf Stream theory, one way or the other . . . and, in any event, there is nothing that one can do about it! The weather will still remain our most tolerated conversational standby.

Boys Will Be Girls

How The Gunroom Got Quits With A Philandering Commander

By Ursula Bloom

THE *Sea Dog*, flagship of Admiral Faulkner, lay in the Grand Harbour of Valetta flying his flag for all the world to see. She was an enormous spreading ship, and little Mickeliff admired her immensely. Mickeliff owned merely a *dghaisa*.

It was a very beautiful *dghaisa*, painted in pale blue, and he thought it much superior to the common or garden *dghaisas* that ply for hire across the Grand Harbour. It had a striped awning. The bill of fare was successfully concealed in a corner where only those who knew where to look for it, could find it, thus ensuring that the uninitiated paid double fare. Mickeliff himself was a small bright-eyed little man, with a childlike outlook on life, and a complete acceptance of whatever came to him.

He lay off the *Sea Dog*.

Occasionally officers would step on to her quarter deck, and the quartermaster or the corporal of the watch would call, "Hi there, *dghaisa*," whereupon Mickeliff would reply, "Very good, saire. I come with quickness, Signor," and off he would go.

He liked officers. He liked Lieutenant Stevens who occasionally went ashore with the Admiral's daughter. Her name was Daphne, and she looked like a flower with her fair hair and soft blue eyes. Mickeliff, with his own dank, dark hair, much admired fair hair. It was extraordinary that so plain an admiral should have such a beautiful daughter. But that is the way of naval life. The admiral was a short little man with larger eyebrows than most men wear quiffs, and nothing at all where the quiff should be. He had trouble with his dental plate. It clicked. His teeth in fact tied him into knots. He looked like having trouble with his daughter too, save that he ruled her with a rod of iron. He was one of those cock-sparrow little admirals. People fled before him. Strong men went pale. Pale women went pink. The lower deck mumbled, "Oh, my Gawd! 'im!" and had urgent business somewhere else.

Lieutenant Stevens was tall and fair and would make a most charming son-in-law for any man, but he had little in the bank, which made him a most unsuitable husband for Daphne in the eyes of his admiral.

Mickeliff, lolling indolently in his *dghaisa* knew that Daphne Faulkner admired Lieutenant Stevens. They had sat in the *dghaisa* holding hands. "Very romance," thought Mickeliff remembering starry nights of his youth when he had sat that way with girls. In the Hastings Gardens. In the Florian Gardens. Scent of nicoiana and tuberoses, and the distant bells of St. John's Cathedral. "Love is so beautiful," said Mickeliff to himself, "it is good to be the romantic."

But if he were romantic, the admiral was not.

His family lived in Pieta. His wife was a large woman who took up a considerable portion of the admiral's barge in much the same way that she took up a considerable portion of the admiral's life. Full-busted and masterful, she had a most excellent moustache, which even the admiral—had he, of course, been in another service—might have envied. Mickeliff knew Mrs. Admiral very well. "Not very niceness," said Mickeliff.

He also knew Commander Finch, who was rich. He had breeding, and he had—far more important in the eyes of the admiral—a fine stretch of salmon fishing in Scotland. If there was one thing that the admiral doted on it was salmon fishing in Scotland. Commander Finch was a poodle-faker. He wanted speedy promotion. He believed that the short cut to flying your own flag was to marry the daughter

SUITABLE clothes were bought, with exclusive make-up, capped by a beautiful blonde wig of little curls. In the regalia Venus's own mother wouldn't have known him

of the admiral and therefore know all the best people. He cast an eye upon Daphne Faulkner. He took her to the races at the Marsa. He took her to bathe at Tigné, where it is reputed that one dives in the order of seniority. He did well by the girl, and Mickeliff, idling in his *dghaisa*, knew that before very long Lieutenant Stevens would find himself pipped on the post. All such a pity.

"*Dghaisa?*" from over the side of the *Sea Dog*.

"Coming, saire. I am so ready, signor," from Mickeliff.

It was the gunroom. If there was one portion of the ship—or as a matter of fact, any ship—that gave Mickeliff the jitters, it was the gunroom. The young gentlemen were rorty. The young gentlemen suffered from an exuberance of good spirits that was trying to cope with. There had been the theatricals on board when one of their ilk, a fair-haired, blue-eyed cadet known affectionately as Venus, had played leading lady. "It was," said Mickeliff, "so clever. You would not know him from the lady. He looked like the lady."

The theatricals had been successful, and Mickeliff had had to row five people ashore afterwards in his *dghaisa* and because the gentleman who paid was definitely under the influence of pink gin, he made a mistake and gave double. It was most successful.

THEN the young gentlemen went ashore to a party at the J.O.C. Their sister ship, the *Defiance*, held it. The *Defiance* had a lordling in their gunroom, and bragged about it, which the *Sea Dog* felt to be very poor form, and they were determined to do something to take it out of the *Defiance*. The party started well until somebody got the bright idea of pushing the piano out of an upper window into the oleanders, and the piano went and three snotties of the *Sea Dog* with it. Then the fun began. One could only say that it had been a bad under-estimation of sea power. The *Defiance* had a snotty there who was Dartmouth's blue-eyed boxing boy! The silly little lordling himself might look a fool, but could he fight!

Next morning the gunroom of the *Sea Dog* thought it wiser to invest in dark glasses all round because of the glaring Maltese sun. Until the gunroom messman brought off twenty pairs of dark glasses, the gunroom lay doggo! The sub. was furious. Never had he been so humiliated! To go into the J.O.C. with his fighting forces and then to be pounded into a jelly, the whole ruddy lot of them, was more than he could bear.

It shouldn't end there, said the sub., darkly.

Mickeliff basking in his pale blue *dghaisa* never thought of the row coming his way. The *Sea Dog* was giving a dance. It was being transformed with red and white roses. The messman was having forty fits; the mess president was hogging it, giving directions from his cabin. The admiral had broken his false teeth, and Commander Finch was coming to the scratch.

Lieutenant Stevens could do nothing at all. He had no salmon fishing. His people lived near Salisbury in a small house where they did their own work. He loved Daphne, but that was not enough. He took her ashore, and they drove out to San Antonio, sitting in the garden of the hotel, under the blue plumbago, eating oranges that you just picked off the trees.

"Daddy would never let it be," said Daphne, when he suggested marriage.

"If only it were not the Service, we could elope. But I'd be cooked to a frazzle, of course."

"They'd chuck you out."

"They'd do worse. They'd send me to a gunboat in China. I'd be tootling up and down the Yangtse for the next three years."

"John darling, you mustn't risk anything so awful."

"Only I love you so much! Oh, I do love you."

The waiter, who had been coming out of the hotel gardens with the tea, went back again. This was not the moment, he decided. He deeply appreciated romance and had served a noble apprenticeship in it.

AT that very moment, in the gunroom of the *Sea Dog* plots were running high.

"Oh, I couldn't," said Venus, going white.

"You'll do what you're damned well told," said the sub., who was a brutal young man of the bulldog breed. "I'll get quits with that blasted *Defiance* or die for it! You'll be a girl. You'll be Froggie Freeman's sister."

Froggie Freeman was a stolid snotty, known to have eaten fourteen doughnuts at a go in Naples, to satisfy a bet, and to have retained them, which was one of the conditions laid down. He looked alarmed. His sister had been coming out for the dance and had cried off. "What did you say, Sampson?" he asked, nervously.

"Young Venus is going to be your sister. Dolores, or whatever you said she was. We'll rig him up, and introduce him to that *Defiance* lordling, and turn his head."

"I can't do it. I tell you I can't do it," said the unfortunate Venus. He had never been good at getting out of jams. He looked the innocent sort, and he was the innocent sort in spite of Dartmouth, a training cruise, and a couple of years in gunrooms reputed to be hot-beds of vice.

"I tell you, you dam' well will."

"Oh, Sampson, you know I can't! There'll be such a hell of a row. It's sure to be found out."

"Insubordination," hissed the sub. "And I won't have it in my gunroom."

Venus went hot and cold, but he had to do it. They went ashore in Mickeliff's *dghaisa*, all very cheerful at the thought of the plan fast developing in noble proportions. There were several of them, far more than the *dghaisa* should have held.

"I tell you, saires, there will be trouble. No upsetta the *dghaisa*. No sky-lark in the boat," said Mickeliff, but he might just as well have talked to the four winds of Heaven.

Suitable clothes were bought, exclusive make-up, and capped by a delightful blonde wig of little curls. In the regalia Venus's

own mother wouldn't have known him. "Christmas!" said Venus, surveying his reflection, and probably only because he had run out of ruder words.

ON the night of the dance, Mickeliff was "briefed." The great ship was outlined in brilliantly-coloured lights. You could smell the red and white roses before you got to her gangway, for she was festooned with them. A golden globe of a moon swung in a clear sky, and it was gratefully cool after a most stifling day.

The sub. had had a private word with Mickeliff. He took the little man into his confidence in no half measures. "There is money in this," said the sub., and instantly Mickeliff was all attention. There was a charming young lady coming on board, a young lady with yellow curls, and she and her swain would be taking a little trip in the *dghaisa*. They would go for miles and miles, and then more miles. Gozo, St. Paul's Bay. As far as he wished. Then the gentleman must be put ashore and left, and the lady brought safely back. Mickeliff went pop-eyed. The sub. showed him a battered old service cap which had been passed the rounds of the gunroom in anticipation of the fee required for services rendered. It was indeed a noble fee. It was a fortune.

"I will do my most best," said Mickeliff, gravely. He could hardly believe his luck. It was a very good night.

ON board Daphne had gone down to speak to Lieutenant Stevens in his cabin. She was concerned because there had been a stormy passage with the admiral in the dog watches. "Daddy says it is to be tonight," she remarked, tragically.

In his heart John Stevens damned Daddy. He took her into his arms. He kissed her again and again in the humble little cabin with the faded photograph of his mother in one corner, and the five ivory elephants he had bought in Hong Kong one night when not entirely sober, and the brass Buddha. "Darling, I'll never marry anybody but you," he said.

"The dreadful part is you'll never have the chance to marry me."

"Perhaps something wonderful will happen?"

"Only in fairy tales," she whispered, and wept on his shoulder.

Later they danced on deck. The Marine band having started with a noble effort, "Life on the Ocean Wave," had now lapsed into a too-slow waltz, which by the look on the "bandy's" face was sublime. Commander Finch was dancing with a very glamorous-looking girl, whilst the gunroom was grouped in uneasy couples round about.

"Who *is* that girl?" asked Daphne.

She was the shy kind. She hardly spoke a word, and when she did speak she had that oh-so-entrancing husky contralto voice. It transpired that she was Froggie Freeman's sister, just out from England. Froggie introduced her without interest. But then young men are never interested in their sisters.

"She's a good-looker," said Lieutenant Stevens, "and she's got Finch's number apparently."

Commander Finch had always had a passion for blondes. He liked a girl to be quiet. He liked this girl's downcast look, and a little pep was added to it by the fact that the sub. from the *Defiance* was definitely making passes in her direction. The gunroom was hanging back. There was a faint feeling at the pit of the stomach that the thing was not going to plan. Commander Finch was taking a foolish interest and nothing would put him off it. He's always been that sort, thought Froggy Freeman, rather tiredly, and this was a very nice cup of tea, thanks all the same! Already he knew that the snotties' nurse would want a word with him in the morning.

"Well, (*Continued on page* 60)

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier A.R.A.

"WELL, this leaves the field open to us to dance," said John Stevens, and took Daphne into his arms

(Reading left to right) Mrs. Thomas E. Dewey, wife of the Governor of New York, Mrs. Kenneth S. Strayer, president of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs, and Mrs. La Fell Dickinson, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs of America, sit on the dais at the dinner which opened the 56th annual convention.

(At top of page) Mrs. La Fell Dickinson making a plea to the delegates at the 56th annual convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs at the Hotel Commodore, New York, in favour of the Stratton Bill which would enable 400,000 displaced persons to enter the United States

The Club Women Of America

By Ferdinand Tuohy

AT a time when our politicians' revealing adulation of the housewife is causing women in Britain to ponder how best to secure a more positive and practical consideration of their views and interests, their American sisters are underneath the spotlight for having, apparently, gone about things in the wrong way. That way has first and foremost been through the medium of women's clubs. A probe is on of these American phenomena and the findings are not so hot.

Why just now? Well, it would be easy to point to a minor jubilee of the club movement's upsurge in 1922. The original sorosis "for women engaged in literary, scientific, artistic and philanthropic pursuits" dates from as far back as 1869. But for long years thereafter such growth as occurred was of the genteel, effacing order. An American girl who led Liberty Bond marches up Fifth Avenue in 1917, once told me it was that kind of stepping out which accelerated, first the Vote, and then the swarm of women's clubs at the beginning of the Roaring Twenties.

Jubilee or not, the real reason of the current interest is the discovery that American women, besides being able to poll a million more votes than the men, control two-thirds of the nation's wealth, so could, if they chose, bring a decisive influence to bear on next year's presidential election with its lurid dollar foreground.

The way to determine what weight American women would, in fact, pull, was to investigate far and away the biggest female federation in the world, and the answer is an unmistakable set-back to feminism. American women's clubs are, in unvarnished English, lapsing more and more into gush and eyewash.

"It is not true that they don't do anything and are nothing more than a chronic wastage of womanpower. It is true that the gap between purpose and attainment is assuming oceanic proportions."

The damning fact is that, as their activities increase, the influence of these clubs decreases.

This is not the finding of a horde of caricaturists who have long used the clubwoman as their pet Aunt Sally, giving her a special chassis gaily and even richly decorated, but which is obviously fast ceasing to attract the male. These busybody images portraying pose and vapouring, *la précieuse ridicule* and addle-mindedness, delight he-politicians who humour female delegations and then rub them off as "old do-goody girls." But the cartoons tickle a far wider range than Congressmen. Husbands aren't proud of their wives being clubwomen. Those mighty atom-agers, American children, pull Momma's leg. More deadly than either is the "thumbs down" of the American girl. Long-limbed, luscious Miss America sheers off women's clubs lest she should be typed. Boy friends don't want a Niagara of heterogeneous information poured on them. Lovelies look upon women's clubs predominantly as middle-aged compensations for other things more feminine, which have faded. To crown matters, present roasting of these institutions comes from disillusioned clubwomen themselves.

THE General Federation embraces 12,000,000 members who have organized themselves in seven categories: patriotic, educational, business, political, religious, reform, rural. The only one which meets with general approval is the last. There is no scoffing at farm women who work, through clubs, for State Fair exhibits, and to break up the loneliness of life on the land. The lesson seems to be—as far as America is concerned—that women's organizations with well-defined, limited, local objectives hit the jackpot, and that those which plunge headily into wider affairs—political, social, moral—pile up wasted effort in a medley of idealistic talk, flim-flam and Grundyism.

The business and professional group comes nearest to the rural, but fails to develop anything like its potential influence for two reasons: young women are not attracted, and city workers consider small-town business women beneath them. The educational forces started well by teaching women the use of the ballot, but have since gone off the rails as a critic of government. Heads have been jammed with such a mass of informative facts and talk as to promote a thoroughly ineffectual indigestion. "Too much of far too much" could suit what has happened in this line.

The remainder come off bad to worse. (*Continued on page* 68)

THE LOVES OF "MAZEPPA"

The Story Of The Actress Adah Isaacs Menken, Who Was Skilled In Love As Well As Horsemanship —Her Friendship With Dumas And Swinburne

Illustrations by JACK MATTHEW.

WHEN a famous actress with a strong publicity sense writes poetry, let famous authors beware! Adah Isaacs Menken, the girl from the Mississippi, came to London in 1864 to don pink silk fleshings and ride a "fiery steed of Tartary" in Byron's drama *Mazeppa*, at Astley's, in the Westminster Bridge Road. The town went more than gaga over this dark-haired, muscular beauty in tights. Criticisms varied from "On horseback she looks like Lady Godiva in a shift" to "Verily the nineteenth century, though boastful of its delicacy, sometimes sees some very coarse proceedings."

Presumably she was skilled in love as well as horsemanship, for she had been at least thrice married in the States, and the brief innings of the loved ones before separation and divorce make one wonder if she wasn't in the habit of introducing them: "This is my husband, that was."

At the time of her London début she was still married to the third, a U.S. humorist who had need to be; her second, a prize-fighter and bookmaker known as "the Benecia Boy," was haunting her dressing-room with brother-bruiser Jem Mace, eager to renew, for financial reasons, a relationship he had once gladly quitted; she was having an affair with "the Light of my Life," a Wall Street broker who was eventually to become her fourth. There were also other flutters on the side, not too serious to the idol if serious enough to the idolators.

Large dark eyes and a temper as spirited as her steed may partly account for these quick changes of heart. Once at rehearsal, when an actor pinched her calf to see if it was padded, she slashed him with her whip. A Colonial stage manager who said something tactless to her when she came to his box at Astley's in an interval so roused the tigress in her that she threatened him with her dagger and was only stopped by the call-boy bursting in with: "Oh, I thay, Mith Menken, the stageth waitth."

REGULARLY she rode in Hyde Park on her famous black mare, attended by liveried groom, or drove her carriage and pony team, with "tiger" footman behind, along the fashionable Mall. Her royal progress to and from Astley's was in a gaudy-crested carriage drawn by horses with jingling silver bells. She flaunted a dark-blue riding habit silver-embroidered; velvet costumes congenial to her curves, with a hat of flowing plumes. London, despite the prudes and scandalmongers, was at her feet. But the point is: the fiery steed she rode was of the Pegasus as well as Tartary breed. She was a poet, and meant to have her verses edited and published willy-nilly. This literary bent led her to cultivate people like Bret Harte and Mark Twain in America, and over here Dickens, Rossetti, Swinburne—of whom more anon. In Paris, where she was even a greater sensation than in London, it dropped her plumb into the arms of *Three Musketeers* Dumas, the dropsily fat *roué* of sixty-five, more than twice her age, who once had wooed the great Rachel and won Lola Montez as mistress.

Dumas *père* used to haunt the wings of the Gaieté in quest of any favours his

Adah Menken in her sensational performance in Byron's drama, "Mazeppa," at Astley's, in Westminster Bridge Road

renown might bring him. What more natural than that he should meet there the captivating Mazeppa and bestow his usual salutation—a kiss on the cheek? Rumour says that the immodest madame, with the crowd's plaudits ringing in her ears, flung her arms about his neck, which is conceivable in a triumphant actress, but not proven.

But there is no doubt that he became a D'Artagnan in love, completely infatuated with her. Soon they were driving about Paris together, he in top-hat and frock coat, she in dainty crinoline and furred cape and muff, and to Bougival, his old love-haunt on the Seine, where they roamed the tree-shaded terraces and dined or supped in an inn's private room, sometimes driving the dozen miles at night after the show.

"Through the gateway of Paris," she had said, "I shall reach the door of Paradise." Pot-bellied Dumas was a strange old god to find there, but evidently she was happy, for she said of him: "Genius and love combine to form the perfect man, in my friend." She was certainly proud to be seen about with the great author, to listen to the talk of the gay *boulevardier* who typified the Paris she had quickly come to love. After all, wasn't she a poet as well as an ex-circus acrobat?

Dumas so doted on her that he consented to pose for photographs in which she nestled tenderly against his capacious breast or looped an arm affectionately about his shoulder; in the former he was in shirt-sleeves, his usual indoor wear. They were intended only for private circulation, but the photographer saw big business in giving them wider currency. Soon they were on sale in the shop windows, thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa. Dumas was angered, so was she; the publicity, and the scurrilous scribbles it evoked among the gossip-writers, proved too much even for Mazeppa. Dumas went to law against the photographer, which made things worse. Love, the pair found, faded much more quickly than indiscreet photographs. It was virtually the famed romancer's swan-song, but by no means hers. . . .

BACK at Astley's in '67 she was still concerned about her poems. Rossetti and Sir Richard Burton were amusingly concerned about Swinburne's vaunted prowess as the great lover of roses and raptures, lilies and languors. They had noticed that, whenever he met a fair goddess, he seemed strangely hesitant for a poet of passion, and even retiring. What about testing him? At a particularly merry party they dared Mazeppa to knock on his door in Dorset Street and announce her intention of staying till morning. Further, they wagered a tenner on the outcome. She had seen the little red-headed rebel a few times. Had he not saluted her in his poem "Dolores" and in "Dolorida," verses in French which also had been sold in the Paris streets? Might he not be the very man to put the finishing touch to her own immortal work and help launch it on the world? Looking her seductive best, she forthwith presented herself at his door, as challenged, and delivered her ultimatum. Confronted with the roses and raptures on his own doorstep, Swinburne seems to have turned a little pale. Where now the bold singer of Dolores?—

> Thou wert fair in the fearless old fashion,
> And thy limbs are as melodies yet,
> And move to the music of passion
> With lithe and lascivious regret.

Her second husband, a prize-fighter, known as "the Benecia Boy," was haunting her dressing-room with brother-bruiser Jem Mace, eager to renew, for financial reasons, a relationship he had once gladly quitted

Where, indeed? Scuttling off like a scared rabbit to hide from Eros behind the vine leaves of Bacchus? One story has it that they spent the night mainly drinking and talking, which may have been gentlemanly but hardly a tribute to Mazeppa's enchantments. Not until the breakfast hang-over did she venture to touch on the subject of her poems, and then her cornered swain uttered the deathless line: "My darling, a woman with such beautiful legs need not bother about poetry."

Biographer Bernard Falk, in his wholly enjoyable *The Naked Lady*, has cautious reservations about this story. The fact remains that Swinburne and Mazeppa

Dumas and Adah Menken at Bougival, on the Seine. They roamed the tree-shaded terraces and dined or supped in an inn's private room

became close friends; he boasted of the affair to more than one crony, Burne-Jones burlesqued it in a series of humorous drawings which he called " Ye Treue and Pitifulle Historie of ye Poet and ye Ancient Dame," the pink Press of the day got much fun out of it, too. Especially after Algernon, unwarned by the Dumas fiasco, had himself photographed with her —for private use only, of course—and somehow they, in turn, filtered through to the shop windows.

True, he was merely standing by her chair, holding her hand, looking more like a mid-Victorian Kipps or Polly—or a small, benevolent uncle—than an impassioned poet in love, but the publicity was annoying, all the same; so was the angry reproof that came from his parents, who made him a liberal allowance. " The one I signed," he said grudgingly, " I think good—the others not—except for the pose of her shoulder and bosom." He appears to have said nothing about his own pose, which wasn't exactly heroic.

Still, they remained friends until she left again for France; and she needed friendship in that second London season. The pink tights had lost something of their naughty glamour; the revival wasn't a howling success. She was ill with internal pains and external money troubles. Non-payment for her gaudy carriage brought her to court at the Guildhall, where she pleaded that it let the rain in on to her lovely dresses and had the bill cut from £380 to a paltry £27.

But at last her precious poems, " Infelicia," *were* published—dedicated, with his approval, to " My friend, Charles Dickens." A romantic young apostle of Swinburne's—and Mazeppa's—had taken them in hand as a labour of love in more senses than one. Swinburne himself wrote in a fly-leaf: " Lo! This is she that was the world's delight." . . . But was she *his* delight, that night of the siege, and, if so, why didn't he say so, since poets, unique among mortals, have licence to kiss and tell? [END]

Swinburne and Adah Menken became close friends, and unwarned by the Dumas fiasco Swinburne had himself photographed with her

Long-eared owls and young on nest. Note the huge round face and large eyes

Four well-grown young long-eared owls. When fully grown these owls are very powerful

Young great horned owls. The bird on right is grasping some food brought home by one of the parent birds

Owls are the Farmer's Friends

By Frank W. Lane

A young American barn owl. One of these birds has been known to eat as many as eight mice in rapid succession

OWLS are a very distinctive order of birds. It is rarely possible to mistake an owl seen at close hand for any other species of bird. The huge round face, large glaring eyes, feathered legs and powerful talons set these strange birds apart from the ordinary winged songsters of our gardens and hedgerows.

When the owl's way of life is considered its distinctive physical attributes are seen to play an important part in helping it to earn its living. The relatively huge face of an owl is necessary to accommodate its microphonic ears, whose enormous auditory cavities half encircle the face. Such a sensitive "pick-up" enables the owl to detect minute sounds made by its quarry which would be inaudible to less efficient ears.

The large eyes of an owl are wonderfully efficient instruments for seeing in the dusk and at night, when most owls do their hunting. Some owls, with bodies only a small fraction the size of a man's, have eyeballs which are as large or even larger. It may not be generally known, but a bird's two eyes often weigh more than its brain.

Experiments have been carried out with owls to test the efficiency of their sight compared with that of human beings. It has been found that in conditions of low light intensity an owl's eye is some ten times more sensitive than that of a human eye. In other words an owl has been proved to be able to see with ten times less light than would be required for a human being to see anything.

As owls eat many rodents, including rats and rabbits, they must be efficiently armed to overcome their prey. This is usually seized by the talons, and so powerful is their grip that few creatures escape once they have been securely caught in these living grappling irons. Even man himself can suffer severely when attacked by an owl. Here is an account by Donald J. Nicholson who climbed to a nest of an American great horned owl, and thus roused the parent birds to anger:

Swiftly the old bird came straight (*Continued on page* 68)

Difficult Assignment

THE first person to arrive at headquarters was always the brigade major. He would walk up the shingled path, his buttons glistening bravely in the first reluctant sunrays. This particular morning was no different from any other. He acknowledged the sentry's "Present" with meticulous care and passed serenely into the building. He was a serious being.

The hat and belt were hung as usual behind the door. Then he passed cautiously into the brigadier's room and glanced briefly at the mail on top of the brigadier's desk. "Forewarned is forearmed," was his motto and an additional reason for his rapid promotion to brigade major. The top letter was written on pale blue note-paper and as he read it he whistled on a low note. The motto had rewarded him yet again. He went quickly from the room to arm himself. He rang his aunt.

"Come over to mess on Saturday night?" he said.

"But I was there last week?" His aunt was surprised.

"I know. This is an emergency. Goodbye." He went out into the corridor to wait for the brigadier.

The next person to enter the brigadier's room was the staff captain, with a letter. As he laid it on the "In" file, his eye also caught the blue-tinted letter. He read it and left the room hurriedly with a low groan.

The brigadier coming ponderously down the passage saw the brigade major waiting for him.

"Good morning, Peter."

"Good morning, sir, I was wondering if I might have my aunt over to mess on Saturday. She is living on her own and gets rather lonely."

"Certainly." He passed into his office.

The chair creaked as he subsided and he picked up the blue letter with a faint wrinkle of distaste on his face. He held it fastidiously between a sunburnt finger and thumb and read it. It said—"From the Aitken Emergency Hospital, Bosworth. To the Brigade Commander, 404th Brigade of Infantry. Dear Brigadier, We are holding a small dinner and dance at the hospital on Saturday evening. Would you or one of your officers care to join us? I can personally assure you it will be very enjoyable." The letter was signed "Agatha Merton, Housekeeper."

A wince crept up his face and he leant forward and buzzed for his staff. The brigade major and the staff captain appeared and stood expectantly by the desk. The "Old Man" gestured delicately with the blue-tinted paper. "Gentlemen, the housekeeper of some hospital or other would like one of my officers to escort her to their dance on Saturday." He laid the letter down and gazed at them with raised eyebrows.

"Saturday?" said the brigade major. "I had arranged for my aunt to come over to mess. Remember, I spoke to you about it, sir?" He looked at the staff captain triumphantly.

The staff captain muttered, "Saturday," in an anxious voice. "I'm afraid I've arranged a summary of evidence for that day, sir. I have the witnesses laid on and everything."

The brigadier said "Oh" in a sour voice.

The staff captain felt that the day was not entirely his yet. He consolidated hastily. "If I might suggest, sir, one of the liaison officers? Mr. Dorland is very sociable."

The brigadier's eyes glistened. "Yes," he said. He paused for a moment. "Yes," he said again. "An excellent suggestion. Just the man for the job." Lieutenant Dorland was the only subaltern who could beat him at snooker. "Send him in. That's all."

They stiffened to attention momentarily and left him. When they had gone the chair creaked as the brigadier leaned back. He smiled, a very unmilitary smile. The tap on the door brought him forward again and the savage mien slipped into place. Lieutenant Dorland saluted punctiliously. "You wanted me, sir?" Lieutenant Dorland looked distressingly handsome.

The brigadier tapped the letter on his desk. "I have a difficult assignment for you, Dorland." The lieutenant smiled bravely but said nothing. "You are to attend a dinner and dance as my personal deputy on Saturday evening at the Bosworth Hospital." The lieutenant grinned. "That shouldn't be very difficult, sir."

The brigadier passed him the letter. "Answer this for me explaining the circumstances. I shall be on duty of course. And bring it to me to sign."

Lieutenant Dorland saluted and left with a happy smile. Half way down the corridor he stopped to read the letter. The smile vanished. "Agatha Merton, Housekeeper" he said bitterly. He walked on sadly to his quarters.

THE train dragged, smoky and depressing, towards Bosworth. Lieutenant Dorland, elbow to temple, gazed dully out of the window. The brigadier, cue in hand, had bid him a genial goodbye from the snooker table. "Have a good time, Dorland," he had said. "Have a good time!" Christopher Dorland echoed the words disgustedly.

He had received a neat formal reply from Agatha Merton, Housekeeper, informing him that she would meet the five-thirty

AS he passed her his glass Miss Merton burst through the double doors. "Is there enough beer, Murphy?" she said anxiously. "Soldiers drink an awful lot"

train, "probably complete with wheel-chair," he thought resignedly. The melancholy hoot of the train struck a sombre note appropriate to his reflections. The carriages started to jerk and he got to his feet.

Bosworth was a busy little station. It was fifteen minutes from the camp and on a main line. Lieutenant Dorland had twice walked the length of it, smiling fatuously at every grey-haired woman he had seen. This had brought him a series of indignant stares both from the grey-haired ladies and from their escorts. One old dear had grinned gummily back at him, striking terror to his heart. But she made no further move.

He stood now, conscious of the sibilant animosity surrounding him and tapped a cane against his over-night case in restrained exasperation. He was still standing there, when a girl burst through the barrier, looked wildly round and darted towards him. Her brown hair was hopelessly tumbled and her cheeks were pink.

"Lieutenant Dorland?" She put out a hand smeared with oil. "Excuse the hand. Bike broke down." She spoke quickly between breaths. "Sorry I'm late."

Lieutenant Dorland gulped. "You're . . . you're Miss Merton?"

"Call me Agatha. Come on, we've got to hurry. I've still got to change." She took his arm and practically dragged him towards the barrier. "You know," she said, her grey eyes dancing, "I'm awfully glad I got you and not a stuffy old brigadier. Matron said I had to write to the brigadier though," she finished artlessly.

Christopher Dorland surrendered his rail warrant at the barrier and followed her out of the station very much bewildered. As he came down the steps she was taking a bicycle from the wall.

"This is for you," she said, quickly wheeling it over to him. "Be very careful, it's Sister Murphy's."

Romance Figured Largely In This Tactical Operation

By Jacques Gillies

He took the machine dazedly and she returned and wheeled out her own.

"This is for me?" repeated Lieutenant Dorland stupidly.

"Yes, but hurry. I've still got to change."

Christopher regarded the exquisite creases of his trouser cuffs. The girl followed his gaze. "Oh, dear," she put a small hand to her mouth. "I forgot clips. Never mind," she smiled sunnily at him, "Tuck them in your socks. That's what our gardener does."

"Tuck them in my—er—socks," he echoed faintly.

"Yes, go on." He bent down wearily and complied. "By the way," went on the girl, "I can't keep calling you—*you* all the time. What does the 'C' stand for? I hope its Cedric. I like Cedric for a man, don't you?"

"It stands for Christopher." His voice was heavy.

"Christopher, Christopher," she said reflectively. "Yes, I like that. I'll call you Chris, shall I?"

"All right." He straightened up and prepared to mount. It was to be hoped, he thought, that none of his brother officers spent their week-ends in Bosworth.

They pedalled down the hill. The girl rode alongside anxiously. "Is it all right?"

"Perfectly all right," The unfamiliar crouch made speaking difficult. As the words left his mouth his left knee hit the handle-bar violently. The bike wobbled for an unpleasant second. "I've bumped my knee," he said unnecessarily.

"Yes, I'm awfully sorry. You see, it's a lady's bike. The gardener takes his home at the week-ends. Are you sure it's all right?"

"Yes thank you." He repressed an oath as his right knee hit the handle-bar. "Is it far?" he said between his teeth.

"Not very. Oh, dear," she said in a small voice, "I'm afraid you won't like me for this, and I did raise the seat."

"No, it's not your fault. The trouble is I'm built normally. If my legs ended at the knees and the difference was added to my arms I should manage famously." He laughed hysterically.

"I'm awfully sorry, Chris. I'm sorry I was late, too. Were you waiting long?"

"Only long enough to ogle every old dear on the platform who looked like a housekeeper."

She bubbled with laughter. "What fun!"

"It wasn't so funny. You should have told me you were only a kid."

She stopped laughing then. "I'm twenty-two," she said defensively. "How old are you?"

Lieutenant Dorland who was also twenty-two coughed noisily. "You're very young surely for a housekeeper," he said ingeniously.

"No, I'm not. I've a friend who's only twenty and she's one, too. It's not very important you know, like your quarter-master."

Christopher Dorland was just going to say, "I hope not like our quarter-master" when he banged his left knee again. Instead he looked at her wildly and said, "Is there a ward to spare at this hospital?"

"Poor Chris," she looked contrite. "I am a beast, but you look very funny."

They turned off the road and bumped up a private drive. When they had left the bicycles and were walking across the lawn, she said: "Now I've got to go and hop into the bath, but I've got everything planned. Sister Murphy is going to entertain you in the surgery." She leaned close to him and glanced round swiftly. "She's got some beer, we hid it there this morning. Do you like beer, Chris?"

He licked his lips. "I forgive you the bike and being late. You're a very thoughtful child."

"Why, Chris," she laid an oily hand on his sleeve, "That's the first nice thing you've said to me since we met, except for the child part," she finished.

Lieutenant Dorland regarded the small oily hand on his immaculate uniform. He smiled suddenly. He decided he didn't mind.

SISTER Murphy refilled his medicine glass with beer. She was a nice big jolly girl. She said, "I hope you won't be bored with our party?"

"I don't think anyone could be bored for long in Miss Merton's company," he said feelingly.

"Agatha's a pet. I'm so glad you could come, she's been so excited since your letter arrived."

"Has she? And I've felt grim ever since I posted it. I pictured an ageing harridan complete with bunch of keys."

Sister Murphy laughed heartily. "I can imagine it. Did you have to draw lots?"

"No, it was very one-sided. I happen to be rather junior." Chris sipped his beer. He (*Continued on page* 65)

AGATHA watched him packing. "What funny-coloured pyjamas," she said absently. "Chris, I wish you weren't going"

Berry Head House, Brixham, the home of Henry Francis Lyte, in the gardens of which "Abide With Me" was written

abide with us for it is toward
Evening and the day is far spent
Luke 24-29.
abide with me! Fast falls the Eventide;
The darkness thickens. Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life, little day.
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see.
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where grave thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou thy cross before my closing eyes
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee!
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

H. F. Lyte.

A reproduction of the original manuscript of Henry Francis Lyte's famous hymn

Homelands Of
Famous Hymns

By Arthur Nettleton

AN historic manuscript which went to the U.S.A. in 1931 is now back in Britain, and it returned in time for an important anniversary. It is the original MS. of "Abide With Me," the hymn which public opinion has placed foremost among all hymns. When a contest to determine the most popular hymn throughout the world was organized a few years ago, this was the one which headed the final list.

Last September the verses reached a double centenary. Exactly 100 years have elapsed since they were written by Henry Francis Lyte; September also was the hundredth anniversary of the occasion when the hymn was first sung in public.

The centenary celebrations, held all over the world, had Brixham, Devonshire, as their focal point. It was there that Francis Lyte spent most of his ministry and penned the hymn, and it was to the choir of All Saints Church that he taught the verses, together with a tune which he himself had composed.

Brixham still retains memories and mementoes of this tall, sparely-built clergyman who was as much at home among the fisherfolk as among the rich businessmen of the town. His church is still much as it was in his days, and the pulpit from which he announced "Abide With Me" remains there.

So too, does his home on Berry Head, a residence originally used as a military hospital. Francis Lyte received that building as a gift from William IV, in appreciation for a musical reception which he (Lyte) arranged when the king visited the port. An augmented choir from All Saints Church greeted His Majesty on the quayside, and the gesture earned immediate royal recognition.

Berry Head House, as the fort hospital came to be called, was turned into a comfortable home with delightful gardens, and in one of the arbours the words of the famous hymn were written.

Marazion, in Cornwall, and Lymington, in Hampshire, are associated with the hymn, too, Lyte having served as a curate at these places before he moved to Chorlton, near Kingsbridge, and then to Brixham. He is further remembered at Ednam, a village near Kelso, for that was his (*Continued on page 66*)

Kersal Cell, Salford, the home of John Byrom, the composer of the hymn "Christians Awake"

On Left:
The Cow and Calf Rocks, Ilkley, a district associated with Bishop Heber, composer of the hymn "From Greenland's Icy Mountains"

Final Verdict

Trevorly—Famous K.C.—Did Not Believe In Mental Blackouts. Until . . .

By John Vigour

DOMINANTLY, Trevorly, K.C., rose to cross-question the prisoner. He was overwhelming in his righteous indignation; his stare into the man's eyes was mesmeric. Lorton's skilful examination had obviously impressed the jury—even the judge had nodded twice during that forensic effort. Between Trevorly and Lorton existed a long-standing feud.

"You declare on oath that you are completely unaware of perpetrating this crime?" thundered the "Hanging Counsel." Coniston's tongue passed between his lips to moisten them; and he winced. He tried to remove his fascinated gaze from the K.C.—he wanted to get reassurance from Sir Thomas Lorton; but like a bird before a snake he failed.

"I do," he said, remembering how white and huddled Emmie had shown on the floor of the pre-fab. Even now he couldn't realise that his wife was dead.

"Members of the jury," said Trevorly, "prisoner's counsel has declared that this heinous, this incredible crime was committed whilst the prisoner in the dock was afflicted with what he is pleased to call"—and his lip lifted in a sneer—"a complete mental blackout. I intend to prove from the prisoner's own mouth that such a condition does not—cannot exist." He shot a withering question, accenting it by a mandatory forefinger. Lorton mustn't think that he was getting away with anything!

"No man, no matter what the aggravation, ever completely loses control of his faculties," he thundered portentously. "The Divine in man interferes at the critical juncture; a lifetime's influences are at work in his subconscious. You, prisoner at the bar, perpetrated this imfamous act with malice aforethought, well knowing what you did. Your wife had been unfaithful—you returned from abroad to make that discovery; you had recently undergone an intensive training that demanded self-control above everything. For two years you had been taught that the clear, cool thought must fore-run the action, no matter how drastic action should be. Yet, your counsel claims for you that the shock of your discovery destroyed the effects of all this scientific, careful training—that you became a ravening, a rabid beast. I say: Nonsense!"

NANCY'S face went queerly white. When the shadow saw her throat swell to quick swallowing, before

His big powerful hands gripped the lapels of his silk gown. He was, everyone admitted, in his finest form: trenchant, biting, compelling.

"What were your feelings—your emotions—when you came back from this alleged blackout and saw your wife dead at your feet?" he asked. "Knowing, when you saw her, that your own hands had destroyed the rich life in her—that those cruel fingers of yours had strangled her?"

"I was—sorry!" stammered the prisoner.

"Sorry! Yes—your normal mental functions resumed their play, if ever they were arrested, the moment the deed was done. A mental blackout forsooth!

He turned suavely to Lorton to say: "The prisoner is yours."

Lorton in his re-examination, did his best, but knew from the outset that it was a forlorn hope. Trevorly would get his verdict, damn him! And yet, until now, the unfortunate prisoner had won to some extent the sympathy of the jury and, for that matter, that of all present in Court. The fact that his wife had been undeniably proved a light woman, sipping honey from every available flower, had been well established. Lorton had seen his client writhe in spiritual anguish as the stark facts of his wife's behaviour had been publicised.

He asked: "You loved your wife, didn't you?"

"Loved her!" It was a wail of anguish, infinitely moving. "So far as I was concerned, she was the only woman in the world!"

Lorton addressed the jury; and though he did his best, Trevorly made hash of his arguments, in his speech for the prosecution. It was rhetoric of the highest order, convincing, shrewd, as blistering as so much acid poured on the delicate nerves of the jury. The dead woman was drawn as a pitiful victim of slanderous gossip; a pure, a warm-hearted woman who, under difficulty, had lived a blameless life.

The judge summed up, and it was obvious that even that impartial specialist was under the influence of Trevorly's masterly arguments.

The jury returned with a verdict of Guilty of Wilful Murder, offering no extenuation, adding no riders. The judge donned the black cap and sentenced the prisoner to be hanged by the neck until he was dead. Trevorly had won again. No wonder they dubbed him the "Hanging Counsel!"

He smiled acknowledgement of the much praise that sycophantic juniors bestowed upon him. He had not for a moment anticipated defeat. The whole thing had been a foregone conclusion from the moment when his first biting sentence had startled the jury.

He looked at the clock; the case had taken less time than he had expected.

"Good enough," he told Clarke, his junior; "I'll be able to catch the 4-5 home."

Normally he counted himself lucky to get the 5-30; but he felt a sudden insistent craving for the spacious wideness of his home in the country. The Court had been close-packed and stuffy—why did audiences sweat and stink so much?

The more fastidious part of his nature was up in arms. When he was made a judge, he felt, he'd have those court-rooms improved; have the audience kept within bounds, remote from counsel.

Crossing to his Temple chambers he told Clarke: "They never had a leg stand on, from the first minute. I knew I had that jury where I wanted them. Mental blackouts—you'd think Lorton would find a new line of defence!"

HE caught the 4-5 with a margin, and settled back in a first-class compartment to review the work of his busy day. But anticipation of happy arrival swamped self-satisfaction. With luck he'd reach the Cloisters in time for tea with Nancy, take her by surprise, watch the delight grow in her lovely eyes. He adored his wife, just as at times he hated the fame that took him so often and for such long periods from her side. There wasn't another woman in creation to hold a candle to her—it was her eager youth that held him enslaved; her delight in life; her gay freshness. There had been rivals who dubbed him a cradle-snatcher, but that was pure envy—grudging admiration of his success where younger men had failed.

Closing eyes that had tired with staring the jury down, compelling them to his point of view, he wondered what

Illustrations By Jack Faulks

in the window caused her to lift her eyes, Trevorly she said in a whisper, "Why, darling—how gorgeous"

A cold, calculated murder, in actual fact. Had you heard any rumours of your dead wife's—ah—infidelities?"

Gulping thickly, the prisoner admitted that letters had reached him from interested neighbours, warning him of his wife's carryings on.

"And you had, as a result, planned this offence against the laws of God and man? Planned it exactly as you had planned raids on the enemy—thinking out every detail, accustoming your hands to do violence in advance?"

"THE evening paper, sir," Burton announced. It was folded so that a scare headline showed prominently

Nancy would be wearing to-day.

Something light and summery, he hoped, something in pastel shades that showed up her brilliant beauty. His hands opened and shut as if caressing her slimly, surrendering self.

Her candid eyes seemed to be watching him from the compartment corner; and he had a fantastic professional feeling that he wished he might have her in a witness box, so that he could prove to all humanity how clear-souled and frank she was.

Very few would have understood that slightly fatuous smile on the rat-trapped mouth of the Hanging K.C. Here was Achilles' vulnerable heel—his wife.

It was a gorgeous day; there was a wisp of coolth in the air that invited him to walk to his spacious home; but—the hungry longing for Nancy overcame all other desires; he beckoned Levitt's taxi; hinted that there was no need to waste time.

"Don't go right up to the house," he said. "I'll cut across the grass." To show himself at the french window would give her a pleasant surprise—bring a quality of novelty into the prosaic life she was mostly required to live. Walking crisply across velvet-smooth turf he made a resolution. He was working too hard, absorbing himself in success that possessed few enough redeeming features. After this latest victory he deserved a rest—Nancy deserved a rush. He'd give her one—book a suite at the Ritz, take her a round of dinners, theatres—there was the opera, for one thing——

The surprise was successful; so successful that Nancy's face went queerly white when the shadow in the window caused her to lift her eyes. Trevorly saw her throat swell to quick swallowing, before she said in a whisper: "Why, darling—how gorgeous!"

"Who says there's nothing in telepathy?" he laughed, and held her strainingly close, kissing her eyes, her lips, her throat. "Sweet, you're too lovely to be real."

"How do you mean—telepathy?" she demanded, after moments of surrender.

"A second cup." He nodded towards the tea-tray. "I'm ready. Another victory, my dearest—I wrapped the jury round my fingers and made 'em play the exact tune I wanted."

"It wasn't telepathy," she laughed. "It was Mrs. Merrilees—if you'd used those powers of observation you brag about, you'd see the cup has been used."

"I see. She didn't stay? What's that old faggot want, anyway?"

"Oh, another charity tea." She rang, and Burton, the perfect man-servant, brought a fresh cup at her request. He seemed slightly startled at sight of his master, almost as if he resented his arrival without befitting announcement.

Nancy was talkative as she poured the tea. She made fun of Mrs. Merrilees, not maliciously, but amusedly. "She is always trying to rope me in for this activity and that," she chuckled. "She says I have far too much time on my hands——"

"I didn't know Mrs. Merrilees smoked Sobranies," said Trevorly, examining a stub in the ash-tray; a quarter-smoked stub beside a lip-stick-stained Superba, the kind Nancy liked.

"She doesn't——" He heard a queer strangled gasp, looked at his wife to see the colour receding from her cheeks like a tide. "At least—not as a regular thing——" she stammered.

"That fellow Chichele smokes Sobranies," said the K.C. "Well?" He felt fury welling up in his mind. His profession made him almost microscopically observant. "Was Chichele here—for tea?" he grated. Again he saw that revealing agitation of her long white throat. She failed to meet his stern gaze; the averted eyes were no longer candid.

Trevorly felt hot blood suffuse his face; a surge of rage troubled him. But one of his greatest assets was his self-control; his iron determination to keep cool under any circumstance.

"I thought I said I preferred that Chichele should not come here, Nancy," he said.

"He—he——!" Her voice was strangled. And her companion was a man who knew the outward aspect of every human emotion. He could lay bare a man's soul as a surgeon's scalpel bares a fretting internal sore.

"Not just a casual call, obviously," he said acridly.

"What do you mean, Roger?" Her hand was at that long white throat now, as if controlling its spasmodic movements.

"Tea—cigarettes—all this." He sounded casual, and scores of self-confident witnesses had been betrayed by that very casualness. As if in desperation, she said: "You shouldn't have left me so much alone!"

"Have left," he noted, not "shouldn't leave."

"I was just planning a spell of entertainment together, coming home. I suppose that if I'd caught the usual train there'd have been no evidence. Incriminating evidence. How far has it gone?"

He knew in a flash that it had gone the whole distance. It was necessary to exert his utmost powers of self-control to check the rising rage within him. When he seized her shoulder and forced her to face him he knew. That strange quivering of her throat told him, as well as her panicked eyes. (*Continued on page* 62)

A RING for ROMANCE

ALL the world loves a lover—and the Royal engagement has focussed interest on engagement rings.

Engagement rings are by no means a modern idea. They have existed in various forms for centuries past. At one time a betrothal was as binding as a marriage.

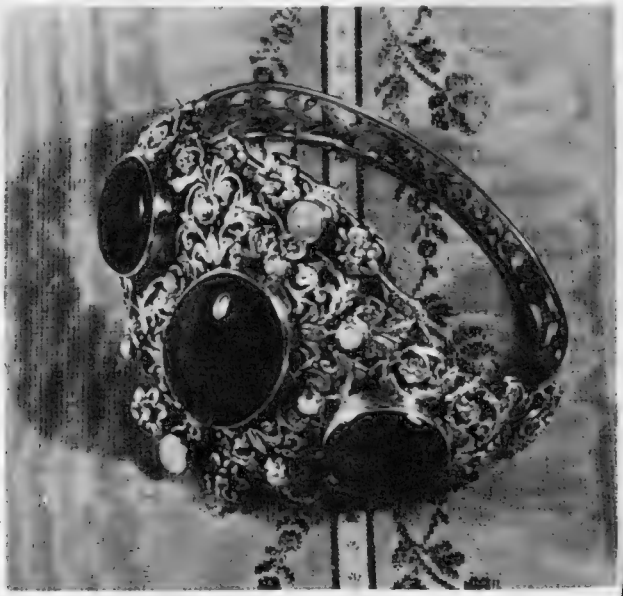
In the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, lovers—especially those who were to be parted—wore a " gemel " or double ring, of which each wore a half.

Posy rings were also popular at about the same time. " Posy " is a corruption of " poesy " and the rings were so called because each had a little rhyme inscribed around it. Charming sentiments such as " No ring can show the love I owe " and " Remember me as I do Thee " were typical.

Superstition seems to have run riot throughout the ages in connection with rings. Early Roman and Egyptian rings often took the form of coiled serpents with precious gems for eyes—often so big that the wearer could not bend the finger. Other lucky rings were set with toadstones—a gem believed at the time to be worn by the toad in its forehead. The stone is actually a tooth from a fossilised fish—used in Ancient Greece as an amulet to guard against poisoning.

To-day coloured golds are the newest fashion and make an attractive setting for both precious and semi-precious stones—providing rings half-way between the cheaper costume jewellery and the most expensive styles, and showing the beauty of semi-precious stones to great advantage.

The costliness of precious gems has revived the fashion for Victorian and old semi-precious rings: it is considered smart now to wear something from Grandmamma's jewel box, like one of the delicate cameo rings, still to be found in little jewellers', pawnbrokers' and junk trays—and well worth searching for. One might even be lucky enough to find an engraved ring, intricately wrought, and touched with the pastel loveliness of coloured enamels, or one of the heavy filigree silver-and-gilt rings with a lavish decoration of semi-precious stones, like the example photographed below.



Above, an antique silver ring, exquisitely wrought and set with turquoise. Single-gem rings are much worn to-day. The example, right, is a sapphire, but semi-precious stones are equally popular. National Jewellers' Association.

Personal Points

SNEERS and jeers may be my lot when I say that I mean to be comfortable this winter. Unlike the people who steamed their uncomfortable way through the summer heat-wave, faintly gasping "but think what is in store for us next winter!" I refuse to be damped, or for that matter, frozen.

There is such a thing as fatuous optimism. I will have no part of it. On the other hand, what people are currently so fond of referring to as "realism," often proves to be sheer defeatism rather than a commonsense weighing-up of facts, cheering and otherwise.

Facts about the coming winter are that it certainly will not be easy. It may conceivably be very cold, and there is every possibility that we shall have less food with which to bolster up our flagging spirits. This is simple arithmetic. On the other hand, intelligent anticipation of any crisis must be helpful, and those of us who fail to anticipate the problems of the coming winter in the most practical sense have only ourselves to blame. I am no weather prophet, but I claim that the odds are against another winter of such ferocity as the last. We are a long-suffering people, but our climate only rarely shows its teeth in such an intemperate fashion. Moreover, we have behind us the advantage of a summer which has given us the fullest measure of sunshine, the tonic effects of which upon health and morale are incalculable.

Psychology never kept anybody warm, but to be mentally braced in advance is a help in any ordeal. Last winter caught us on the wrong foot. At least the element of surprise is eliminated from the coming winter's problems—we hope.

"This is all very well," you say, but talk gets us nowhere, what can we DO. Prepare for the worst and hope for the best is a sound maxim.

Wise people have collected all available fuel during the summer. The next step is to plan the most intelligent and economical use of it.

For my own part, I aim to restrict the number of rooms used in my home. Though it means moving the furniture around and making a few drastic adjustments, I mean to concentrate all available warmth into a small area.

In anticipation of restricted supplies of gas and electricity, I have overhauled my

for COMFORT

cooking utensils so that I am up to date with casseroles in which slow cooking can be done. All saucepans have lids to conserve heat, and I have even invested in a hay-box so that good stews can be made in the worst fuel shortage.

I maintain that nobody within hail of a handyman need suffer the discomfort and confusion of burst pipes. If necessary, get a plumber to advise about lagging pipes and tanks *before* the unfortunate man is too harassed to deal with anything less than a flood.

If the electricity is cut (it will be), don't be caught without an alternative form of lighting. Get in a stock of candles *with* holders in time so that, at least, candlelight can be decorative if not particularly illuminating. Oil lamps are an investment and—important point—throw out a useful degree of warmth. The Tilley lamp, commonly used in ships, has an incandescent burner and gives efficient lighting. The cost is around 35s.

Supplies of paraffin present a problem but, again, systematic storing before the coldest weather will help. Paraffin must, of course, be stored away from the house.

My personal plans for comfort owe something to my grandmother, because I intend knitting a shawl to wear around the house and perhaps even to take to bed *in extremis*. So that smarter dresses need not be half concealed by the inevitable "woolly," I also plan knitting a fine wool "spencer" with long sleeves which can be worn underneath dresses and nobody the wiser.

It is my solemn belief that a winter wardrobe should be capable of keeping morale up as temperatures fall. It need not be in any way extravagant, but merely co-ordinated. One of the more depressing spectacles of last winter was that of women, caught unawares, wearing a series of unrelated garments in layers with disastrous results to the silhouette. I was one of them. That at least is one of last winter's misfortunes that we can all take measures to avoid. WINIFRED LEWIS.

In such a winter outfit as this morale goes up as temperatures go down. The coloured "Weather-skin" coat is lined with lamb. The stormguard hat, gloves and spats are made to match.

Robin Hood Bounder boots in suéde or suéde and calf with crêpe rubber soles are cosy and attractive.

Two-Colour Pull-Over

MATERIALS : 4 ozs. of " Lavenda " 3-ply, main colour ; 1 oz. of 3-ply in contrast colour ; one pair each of No. 12 and No. 10 knitting needles ; one buckle and 3 small buttons.
MEASUREMENTS : To fit a 34-in. bust.
TENSION : 9 sts. to 1 in.

THE FRONT

With No. 10 needles and main colour wool, cast on 113 sts. Work in moss st. for 3 ins. Work as follows :

1st row.—Moss st. 19, k. 1, p. 1, rib 25 sts., moss st. 25, k. 1, p. 1, 25, moss st. 19.

2nd row.—Moss st. 19, purl 25 sts., moss st. 25, purl 25 sts., moss st. 19.

Work for 1 in. then dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 97 sts. Continue without shaping until 16 ins. from the cast-on edge. Now continue in all moss st. Work 2 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Work 35 sts., cast off 27 sts., work 35 sts. Work on the last set of 25 sts. for 3 ins. (21 ins. from the cast-on edge).

ABBREVIATIONS
K.=knit ; p.=purl ; st.=stitch ; sts.=stitches ; dec.=decrease ; inc.=increase ; tog.=together ; beg.=beginning.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 5 armhole-end rows. Return to the first set of 35 sts. Join wool at the neck edge and work to correspond.

THE BACK

(Worked in moss st.) Work as for the front, *but* shape the neck when work measures 20 ins. from the cast-on edge.

(*Continued on page* 56)

Long-Sleeved Bed-Jacket

MATERIALS : 5 ozs. of Patons and Baldwin's " Beehive " Fingering 2-ply, main colour ; 1 oz. of 2-ply in contrast colour ; one pair each of No. 12 and No. 7 knitting needles ; buttons ; 1 yard of ribbon.
MEASUREMENTS : To fit a 34 to 36-in. bust.
TENSION : 13 sts. to 2 ins.

THE BACK

With contrast colour wool and No. 12 needles, cast on 132 sts. Rib 2 ins. k. 1, p. 1. Change to main colour wool and No. 7 needles (change colour wool with a knit row). Work in the following pattern :

1st row.—(Right side.) * Miss the first st., knit the next st., draw this over the first st. and off the needle. Knit the first st. in the usual way. Repeat from * to end.

2nd row.—Purl.

3rd row.—K. 1, * miss the next st., knit the following st., then draw this over the st. passed over the right-hand needle, then knit the first st., passed over in the usual way. Repeat from * to the last st., k. 1.

4th row.—Purl.

These 4 rows form pattern. Continue until 13 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows, k. 2 tog. each end of every row until 108 sts. remain.

Continue in pattern until armhole measures 5 ins. Change to (*Continued on page* 56)

Clothes For The Teens And Twenties

A practical winter coat from the Harella collection specially designed for the young girl, in dark-toned bright green wool with ample sleeves and a square collar. The tartan-trimmed dress is a Donald Graham model in blue wool with tartan taffeta trimming.

(Left.) A jaunty suit by Aquascutum tailored in soft wool suiting. In deep purple. The hats are from the new teen-age collection just presented by Aage Thaarup, the famous model milliner. The left-hand model is in pink felt with a scarlet ribbon sewn with tiny shells. The stone-coloured bonnet has navy veiling scattered with minute bows. Prices from 59s. to 89s.

IN a fashion sense the young woman of the teens and early twenties has come into her own. There is a new consciousness of the need for clothes specially designed and fitted for these fashion-conscious young people, who are too old for schoolgirl clothes and too young for maturer styles.

Mothers are as enthusiastic as their daughters for this movement to cater for the very young woman whose need is for clothes simple enough for youth and smart enough to support her developing poise. Further details of the clothes illustrated will be sent on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope to the Women's Department, *Britannia and Eve*, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Round The House

ROUTINE is a word at the very mention of which some housewives pale. To a very busy woman, harassed with shopping and a hundred small tasks that cannot be scheduled, it has an impracticable sound The fact remains that only a clockwork routine provides the answer to the fatigue which too much work and too little help have made a common burden.

The average housewife's response to the proposal that she should run her home by the clock is "I haven't time to work it out." This is understandable, but nevertheless no business runs efficiently without routine, and housekeeping *is* big business to-day.

To avoid overwork and the fatigue which comes from working hours which spill over into hours of leisure, the only answer is to work strictly by the clock; to plan hours of work and hours of leisure so meticulously as to avoid the encroachment of the one upon the other. This is a tall order in a busy home, but it is essential to health and efficiency, not to mention good spirits.

A working timetable round the clock, with daily tasks allotted to each working hour, can be planned if duties for the day and week are carefully anticipated and allowed for. When a given task takes longer to accomplish than the time given to it, the method used should be examined to see if it can by any means be improved and accelerated. In the home a periodic analysis of ways and means pays handsome dividends. In general, the busy housewife is content to go on with methods which have served in the past. Time itself clamours at what seems irritating delay when new methods come up for trial, but here is a clear case of "more haste less speed." Time spent on reorganising often saves hours of labour in the long run.

The hour before breakfast is a precious one. While you are fresh and energetic after rest a number of tasks can be disposed of before the first meal. When breakfast is cooked and cleared away, make beds and run through the upstairs rooms before tradesmen demand your presence at the front door.

Shopping is the thief of time in these days, so early shopping is advisable. Plan meals several days ahead so that shopping needs for to-morrow are covered as well as those of to-day. Unscheduled trips to the shops break up a planned routine and add enormously to fatigue in the daily round.

Allocate an hour between shopping and lunch for tasks which can be done in the kitchen while a meal is on the stove. Many chores can be done sitting and will take you off your feet while you keep an eye on the cooking. Keep a small stiff brush for cleaning silver, and plenty of *clean* dusters.

Take the vacuum cleaner through every room. If this is made a daily routine the weekly turn-out of each room is simplified. Add to the life and efficiency of your vacuum cleaner by emptying the dust bag every day. It takes only a few moments to empty it on to a sheet of newspaper.

Saving Graces

MEASURES to save fuel this winter are a personal as well as a national interest. Fuel cuts are inevitable in the best conditions, and we shall be very wise to study methods of making a little fuel go a long way before the operation of the cuts is upon us.

Cooking appliances in which several kinds of food can be prepared over one jet have obvious advantages. Among such appliances now available is a good three-tiered steamer, strongly made with a useful family capacity. We can tell you where to buy one if you are interested in further details.

THE steam-pressure cooker is not a new invention, but now more than ever it has practical advantages, since a whole dinner, including meat, vegetables, and pudding, can be cooked in one operation over a single jet and in a relatively short time.

Cheap and indifferent cuts of meat respond especially well to cooking under pressure and, since the food is cooked in steam, not water, all the health-giving elements are fully retained, and there is no shrinkage.

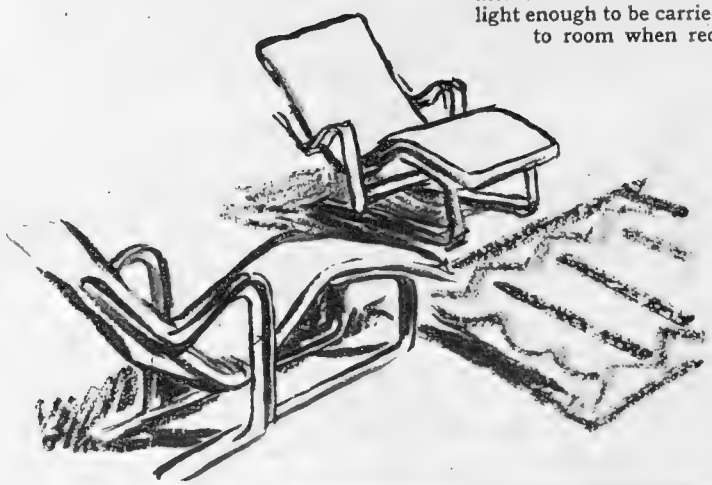
Pressure cookers cost from eight to ten pounds, and need to be ordered six weeks to two months in advance, but they offer an economic investment both from the point of view of health, convenience and economy.

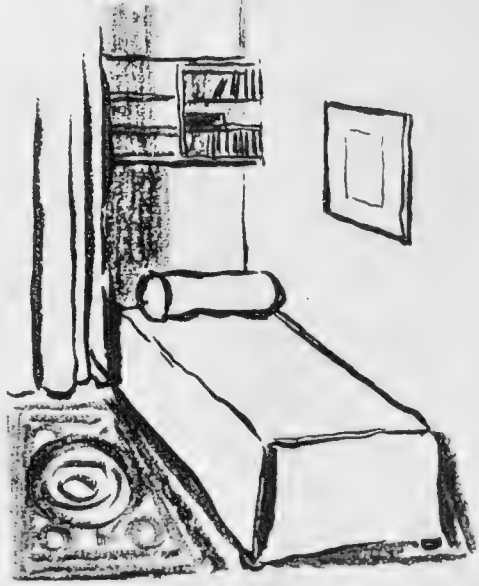
By Clockwork

The clean-up after lunch should include the sink and all working surfaces. If whitewood surfaces are scrubbed every day it is the work of a few minutes only and avoids ingrained dirt and stains. Keep a tin of silver sand in the kitchen for scrubbing table tops and add a little bleach to the rinsing water.

At least some part of the afternoon should be set aside for leisure or home tasks which can be taken quietly and at ease, with an interval, however short, for attention to your hands, hair and clothes. In the early evening, dressed to greet the returning family, you lay up for the evening meal.

(Left.)
The wooden reclining armchair is attractive and comfortable, and light enough to be carried from room to room when required.





(Right.)
In lieu of the conventional settee a divan can be draped in keeping with the upholstery of the room, and offers extra sleeping accommodation.

(Right.)
A practical adaptation of the luxurious arrangement in this photograph could be devised with two small divans, or with built-in cushioned seats.

(Below.)
Unit easy chairs are available now in limited quantities and can be arranged at will as a settee or as separate easy chairs.

Instead Of A Three-Piece Suite

BEFORE the war it was the sober decision of every newly-married couple to equip their lounge or sitting-room with a three-piece Chesterfield suite.

If your house or flat were small, you chose the smallest suite to be had, but if you were blessed with both cash and house-room, you chose a luxurious Chesterfield with a three-cushion seat and back and sumptuous cushions. Even so, in a practical sense these suites took up too much space for comfort in a small home.

Many people nowadays think there are advantages in having something different. Apart from the space required, the three-piece suite is expensive and hard to get; worst of all, it is stereotyped. We have had so much of standardisation of late that most of us yearn for more variety when freedom of choice is open to us.

So, instead of a suite you might prefer two or three different sorts of armchairs—perhaps an Eighteenth-Century wing-type easy chair and a pair of low fireside armchairs.

If you also want a settee, there are alternative types from which you may choose in lieu of the conventional Chesterfield. There is, for example, the charming though somewhat formal Queen Anne love-seat, and at the opposite end of the scale, so far as style is concerned, there are the space-saving modern settees which are convertible for use as a bed.

A divan with a cylindrical cushion at the head is yet another alternative. During the daytime this is virtually a very simple form of sofa, or a day-bed. It can be draped, of course, with a coverlet in keeping with the upholstery of the room.

Finally, there is the unit armchair now available in limited quantities. For here, truly, you have three pieces of furniture in one. Some are entirely without side arms and others have an arm at one side only, and can be used in a variety of ways—as a small settee with an additional chair, as a single big settee or as three separate chairs.

These are practical ideas for improving on the Chesterfield suite as we have known it in the past. The aim is the combination of comfort, greater usefulness and a pleasing appearance in the quite small home.

BASEDEN BUTT.

Three Yellow-Jackets

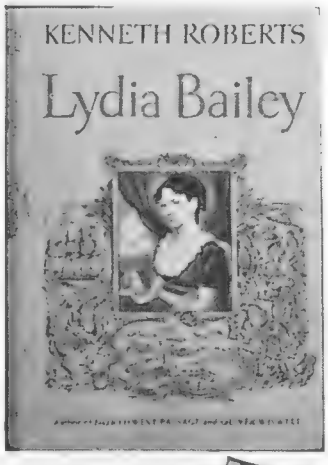
THREE Gollancz novels merit special notice. Miss Lydia Holland's **"The Evil Days Come Not"** (8s. 6d.) is an intense study of a woman, discordantly married to a law professor in Rome, who has a strangely baffling, introspective affair with a man who "would come and go as he pleased, would be with her, part of her one moment and slowly but inevitably withdraw from her at the next," and then meets her destiny in a German archaeologist. The Rome wartime background is vivid, emotional conflict acute, physical detail unblushing. Though the name is new, the hand is obviously one well practised in the psycho-sexual relationships of men and women.

Mr. Walton Fairbank's **"Jim Crow"** (9s. 6d.) gives sinister point to the coloured problem in Southern U.S.A. with a story that must have needed some courage, for it portrays the gradual corruption of a very young white girl, daughter of a Corinth doctor, by a handsome young negro houseboy, and the tragedy that ensues. The ominous build-up is like that of an impending thunderstorm with all its brooding suspense.

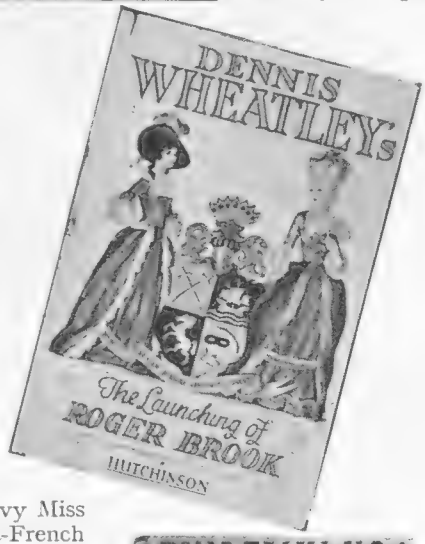
Slick U.S. thriller technique has gone to the making of Mr. J. F. Bardin's **"The Deadly Percheron"** (8s. 6d.). The narrator is a distinguished psychiatrist who finds himself hell-bound for mystery and triple murder when he takes up the case of a patient with a red hibiscus in his hair and a strange association with dwarfs. Amnesia, persecution mania, an illegitimate son's inheritance enter into a drama that moves at this staccato pace: "My hands will-lessly wrenched the blade from Sara's body, held it high for an instant, then threw it into the farthest corner of the room. My voice cursed. My glands poured sweat from my pores; I felt it cold and trickling . . ."

Books:

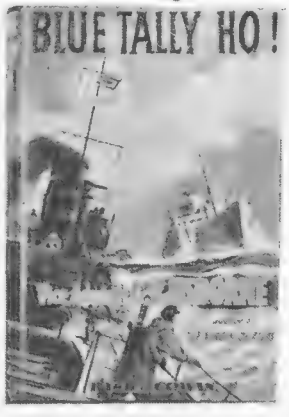
Reviewed by
Trevor Allen



THERE was much of the human boy in Britain's admired friend, F.D.R. Miss Frances Perkins, who first met him in 1910 and was his close associate as Secretary of Labour, 1933–45, calls him "the most complicated human being" in **"The Roosevelt I Knew"** (Hammond, 18s.), "capable of almost childish vanity about his skill in catching fish, his seamanship in small boats, his exploits in teasing Winston Churchill and in making Stalin laugh and unbend." At the Teheran conference he whispered to Stalin: "Winston is cranky this morning, he got up on the wrong side of the bed," and proceeded to tease Churchill about his John Bull Britishness, his cigars and habits. Winston went red and scowled, Stalin smiled, then guffawed; soon F.D.R. was calling him "Uncle Joe" and the ice was broken—over Churchill's head, so to speak. The book, a tribute to a lovable character, contains many slants of the kind as well as an appreciation of the statesman. We cannot know too much of F.D.R., and this tells us a great deal from inside.



MOST of us whose ancestry is limbo will envy Miss Nora K. Strange her Scottish and Irish-French origins. In a mood of escapism she began delving into family history, flicking the dust off reminiscences and letters transcribed in faded copperplate. The result is **"Jacobean Tapestry"** (Stanley Paul, 16s.) which carries the Strange-Lumisden-Burroughs story through Jacobite intrigue and the Court of Louis XVI to the start of Victoria's reign. Some of those eighteenth-century "gentlewomen" must have been tougher than we imagine. A niece, staying with one and sharing her large bed and hard mattress, said it was "like lying beside a marble effigy on a tombstone, for all through the night the old lady lay on her back with rigid limbs and without stirring." The day after this rugged aunt was induced to lie on a sofa—for the first time in her life—she died! Miss Strange—and the reader—may sometimes succumb to too much detail, but she has certainly unearthed a treasure of ancestor lore.



I HAD a notion that tennis stars were as temperamental as operatic divas. Prefacing Miss Norah Gordon Cleather's **"Wimbledon Story"** (Sporting Handbooks, 10s. 6d.) Lord Vansittart observes that she "had to exercise more diplomacy during the gloriously recurring fortnights of the Championships than I as a diplomatist would have had to put forth in a year." As secretary of the All England Club till 1945 she gives an absorbing twenty-five years' retrospect with emphasis on Centre Court personalities and drama, and there are seventy-four photographs to revive memories of doughty combats. A sure gift-book for lawn tennis fans.

READERS who enjoyed Mr. Kenneth Roberts's "Northwest Passage" will know what to expect in **"Lydia Bailey"** (Collins, 10s. 6d.)—a hefty, romantic story based on documentary history, expertly written. Once handsome young Albion Hamlin falls for a miniature of a pretty San Domingo girl and goes in quest of her, the stage is set for unlimited adventure. He rescued Lydia from a frenzied negro sacking and burning in Haiti. On their Mediterranean honeymoon they are caught by Barbary pirates, enslaved in Tripoli, swept into the Tripoli-U.S. war which culminates in General Eaton's desert attack on Derna in 1805. What days—and what people! Thank heaven the bold adventure story isn't yet on points, despite depressing paper-cuts; in it you live nobly, heroically—by proxy.

ANOTHER stirring historic romance is Mr. Dennis Wheatley's **"The Launching of Roger Brook"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), which recounts the picaresque adventures of Roger—plus the naughty, consoling Georgina — in George III's England and Marie Antoinette's France. Pitt, Gibbon, Talleyrand help to give the story authenticity; Roger's secret missions help to avoid an Empire conflict. I'm not sure of the period idiom, but as literature this is definitely an advance on those improbable thrillers. I note from the dedication that "Public Thriller Writer No. 1," "The greatest adventure writer of our time," now lives in "Cosey Cott" and ascribes this novel to its inspiration. . . .

ADVENTURE of a nearer kind—in the 1942 battle of the Western Approaches—is background to Vice-Admiral C. V. Usborne's **"Blue Tally Ho!"** (Rich & Cowan, 9s. 6d.). Was there ever a naval wooing like Lt.-Comdr. Jack Sherwood's? He begins by telling his dark and lovely Wren officer, "I feel you've made a scratch on my receiving apparatus that will take a lot of rubbing out," and ends by proposing to her in a tin canister *via* ship's messenger and saying, "We shall have to make the honeymoon intensive." Now tell me sailors don't care! A nice salty story with real convoy drama.

MISS KITTY BARNE excels at the light, sophisticated story about musical people. Her John Anderman in **"Duet for Sisters"** (Chapman & Hall, 9s. 6d.) is an organist, wounded in the 1914 war, who marries a girl he meets in a hospital canteen and embarks with her on a crazy Chelsea studio life complicated by the advent of a little Hungarian Jewess who becomes a famous violinist. I like John's description of a play by a rich young Cambridge man for which he is doing a £250 music score: "His hero works in a china factory and he (*Continued on page 72*)

All the commissionaires began to scratch their heads

West-North-West

The Story Of A Cross Country Flight In A Chartered Plane

By Lena Ramsden

WHEN a postponed business engagement in the North clashes with a long promised housewarming week-end in the West Country, the best way of getting over the difficulty is to link the two by an air trip.

The aerodrome was about fifteen miles from where I was staying, and I set out by car, in good time, on a Friday morning.

In due course I encountered a side turning, off the main road, which was signposted "To the aerodrome." Not far now, and I was three-quarters of an hour ahead of time.

I drove on till I came to a fork road, with no visible sign to direct me. A woman, wheeling a pram told me to take the left-hand fork, and go straight on till the second turning on the right.

"How far?"

"About ten minutes walk."

I watched her sauntering down the road, and decided that, at *her* pace, the aerodrome should be practically within sight.

My next hazard was a roundabout, with roads sprouting off it like spider's legs. Which was "straight on?" And did one of them count as the first turning on the right?

A postman on a bicycle helped me this time, and at last my thankful eye lighted on a large car park, with a uniformed attendant in charge.

He waved me in, and I locked the car and produced my chit from the air taxi firm, giving details of time and place.

"Could you please tell me where I go with this?"

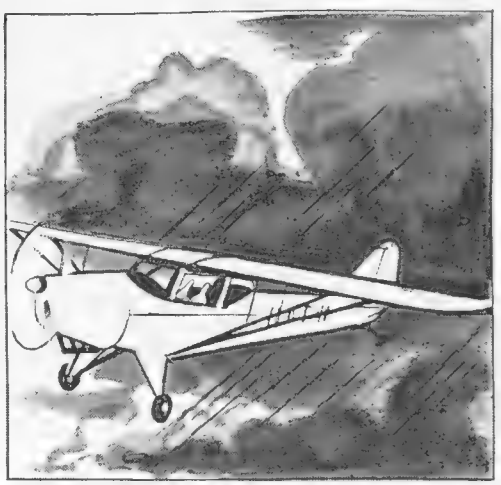
He pushed his peaked cap well back, and scratched his head in silence for a while.

"What part of the airfield do you want?"

"That's what *I'm* asking *you*."

A few moments of perplexed scratching, and then the light of inspiration dawned.

He led me back to the gate, and pointed down the road.



The pilot jerked a thumb in the direction of the black wall of cloud behind us. "We ought to be going that way"

"See that chimney?"

I did : it was about half a mile away.

"Well, just this side of it, there's a gate : one of our chaps'll be on it, and *he'll* put you right."

I set off along a footpath, as plentifully sprinkled with pebbles as Brighton beach, and presently reached the indicated gate; there was a commissionaire standing by it, and behind him was a glass-fronted office, in which were a great many more commissionaires : none of them, to judge by the decorations on their sleeves, held any rank below that of sergeant, and I hopefully propounded my question :

"Could you please tell me where I go with this?"

Like my first non-informant, his peaked cap went on to the back of his head, and he began to scratch his scalp.

"Don't know, I'm sure." He wandered over to the office. "What d'you make of this, Bert?"

Bert read it, and then eyed me. "What part of the airfield do you want?"

I repeated my previous answer to the same question, and *all* the commissionaires began to scratch their heads—Bert's task was the easiest, as his uniform cap was lying on a desk beside him.

Then someone had a sparkling idea.

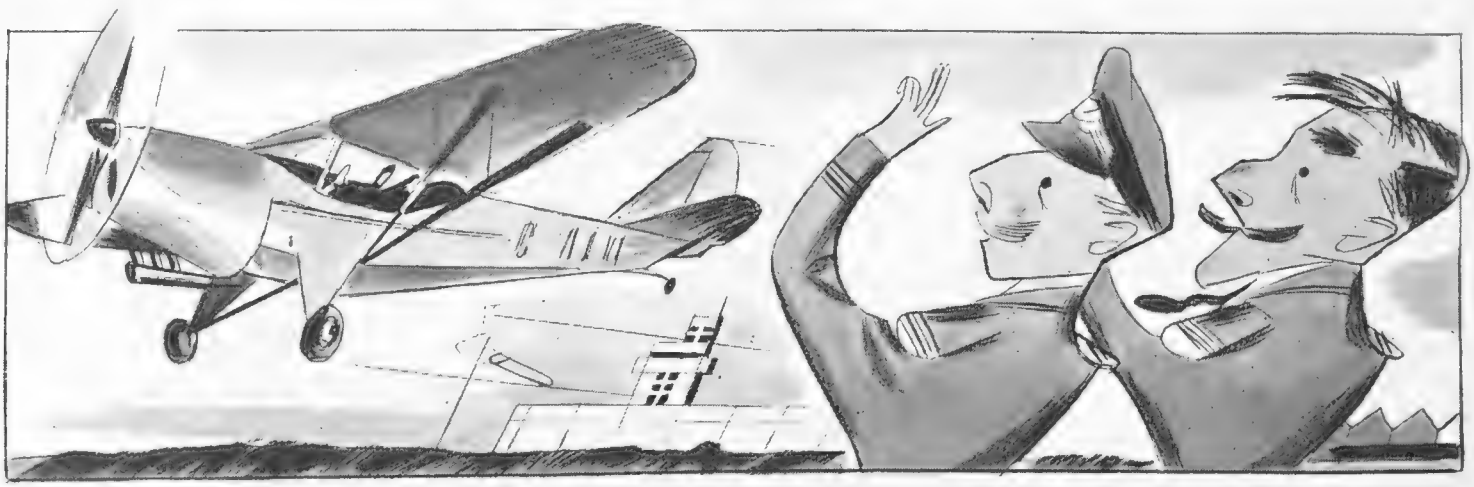
"I expect the lady wants Air Contractors."

Agreement was unanimous, and I was led back to the gate.

Before my escort spoke, my eye focused on *another* chimney, *another* half mile down the road, and I knew that he was going to say :

"See that chimney . . . ?"

Just before I reached the second gate, (*Continued on page 72*)



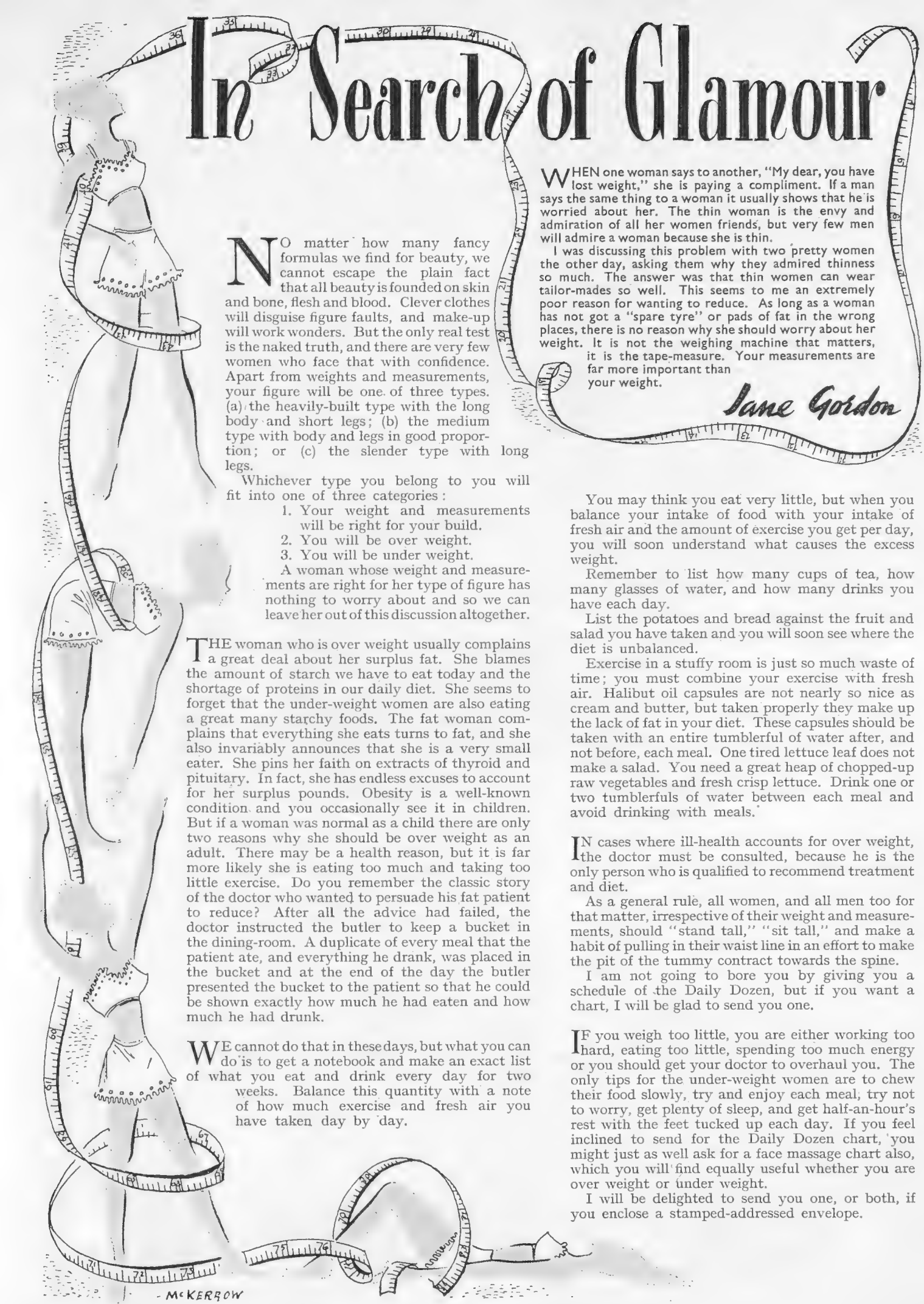
We departed, followed by shouts of "Mind how you go!" "Don't run into the Wrekin!"

In Search of Glamour

WHEN one woman says to another, "My dear, you have lost weight," she is paying a compliment. If a man says the same thing to a woman it usually shows that he is worried about her. The thin woman is the envy and admiration of all her women friends, but very few men will admire a woman because she is thin.

I was discussing this problem with two pretty women the other day, asking them why they admired thinness so much. The answer was that thin women can wear tailor-mades so well. This seems to me an extremely poor reason for wanting to reduce. As long as a woman has not got a "spare tyre" or pads of fat in the wrong places, there is no reason why she should worry about her weight. It is not the weighing machine that matters, it is the tape-measure. Your measurements are far more important than your weight.

Jane Gordon



NO matter how many fancy formulas we find for beauty, we cannot escape the plain fact that all beauty is founded on skin and bone, flesh and blood. Clever clothes will disguise figure faults, and make-up will work wonders. But the only real test is the naked truth, and there are very few women who face that with confidence. Apart from weights and measurements, your figure will be one of three types. (a) the heavily-built type with the long body and short legs; (b) the medium type with body and legs in good proportion; or (c) the slender type with long legs.

Whichever type you belong to you will fit into one of three categories:

1. Your weight and measurements will be right for your build.
2. You will be over weight.
3. You will be under weight.

A woman whose weight and measurements are right for her type of figure has nothing to worry about and so we can leave her out of this discussion altogether.

THE woman who is over weight usually complains a great deal about her surplus fat. She blames the amount of starch we have to eat today and the shortage of proteins in our daily diet. She seems to forget that the under-weight women are also eating a great many starchy foods. The fat woman complains that everything she eats turns to fat, and she also invariably announces that she is a very small eater. She pins her faith on extracts of thyroid and pituitary. In fact, she has endless excuses to account for her surplus pounds. Obesity is a well-known condition and you occasionally see it in children. But if a woman was normal as a child there are only two reasons why she should be over weight as an adult. There may be a health reason, but it is far more likely she is eating too much and taking too little exercise. Do you remember the classic story of the doctor who wanted to persuade his fat patient to reduce? After all the advice had failed, the doctor instructed the butler to keep a bucket in the dining-room. A duplicate of every meal that the patient ate, and everything he drank, was placed in the bucket and at the end of the day the butler presented the bucket to the patient so that he could be shown exactly how much he had eaten and how much he had drunk.

WE cannot do that in these days, but what you can do is to get a notebook and make an exact list of what you eat and drink every day for two weeks. Balance this quantity with a note of how much exercise and fresh air you have taken day by day.

You may think you eat very little, but when you balance your intake of food with your intake of fresh air and the amount of exercise you get per day, you will soon understand what causes the excess weight.

Remember to list how many cups of tea, how many glasses of water, and how many drinks you have each day.

List the potatoes and bread against the fruit and salad you have taken and you will soon see where the diet is unbalanced.

Exercise in a stuffy room is just so much waste of time; you must combine your exercise with fresh air. Halibut oil capsules are not nearly so nice as cream and butter, but taken properly they make up the lack of fat in your diet. These capsules should be taken with an entire tumblerful of water after, and not before, each meal. One tired lettuce leaf does not make a salad. You need a great heap of chopped-up raw vegetables and fresh crisp lettuce. Drink one or two tumblerfuls of water between each meal and avoid drinking with meals.

IN cases where ill-health accounts for over weight, the doctor must be consulted, because he is the only person who is qualified to recommend treatment and diet.

As a general rule, all women, and all men too for that matter, irrespective of their weight and measurements, should "stand tall," "sit tall," and make a habit of pulling in their waist line in an effort to make the pit of the tummy contract towards the spine.

I am not going to bore you by giving you a schedule of the Daily Dozen, but if you want a chart, I will be glad to send you one.

IF you weigh too little, you are either working too hard, eating too little, spending too much energy or you should get your doctor to overhaul you. The only tips for the under-weight women are to chew their food slowly, try and enjoy each meal, try not to worry, get plenty of sleep, and get half-an-hour's rest with the feet tucked up each day. If you feel inclined to send for the Daily Dozen chart, you might just as well ask for a face massage chart also, which you will find equally useful whether you are over weight or under weight.

I will be delighted to send you one, or both, if you enclose a stamped-addressed envelope.

Localize Your

Gain or loss of local fat must be calculated with a tape measure, not on the scales

PEOPLE sometimes tell me, "I have tried exercises to improve my figure, but it doesn't work." It is true that exercises do sometimes prove ineffectual, but generally because the exercises employed have been of the wrong kind or the method of doing them is at fault. Scientific exercises, regularly and carefully followed do effectively reduce surplus weight and improve the symmetry of the body. The results are sometimes quite spectacular, particularly when an exercise course is taken under the guidance of a trained expert. Even exercises at home are well worth while if they are the right ones. A random swinging of the body and limbs is useless. Exercises must be designed for individual needs and they must be done with proper attention to posture and to breathing if they are to show results.

Local fat calls for local exercises. It is fairly obvious that if one has too much flesh under the chin, trunk exercises are hardly likely to touch the spot. Similarly, if legs and arms are too ample for beauty, only exercises designed to touch these parts will fill the bill.

The first step to perfect symmetry of form is good posture. The woman whose spine curves inwards at the waist; who carries her shoulders hunched with the chin thrust forward, may exercise indefinitely without effect. So, before you select the most suitable exercises for your case, go to work on your posture.

Stand sideways before a long mirror. Wear a swim suit so that you can see the outlines of the figure and correct faults.

Stand erect with feet together and the knees straight. Lift the diaphragm, pulling the body up and off the hips. Press the thighs *forward*, drawing the abdomen and the seat in. Keep your shoulders down and your head erect. Now look at your sideways view in the mirror and see at once the improvement in the outlines of the figure. Breathe evenly as you hold this posture and practise walking naturally in this controlled position. Assume it whenever you can,

Well Groomed To The Finger Tips Means Spending Time On Your Hands

HANDS that are beautiful in themselves and expressive in use have a charm which cannot be overestimated.

Even if they are not perfectly formed by Nature hands that are well-groomed and cultivated to flexibility and grace in use can be a joy to behold.

Regular hand exercises will give that suppleness and grace that we envy in others. Daily care of the skin and nails will keep them soft and immaculate.

Most hands have a hard life in these times, especially if housework is involved. But constant care will counteract the ill-effects of dirt and water. It is the daily attention which does the trick.

If you value smooth soft hands and well-kept nails avoid doing wet chores without rubber gloves. These are easily obtained now and though busy housewives are inclined to view them with impatience they do provide the answer to rough skin.

For general housework wear a pair of cotton gloves which can be washed out frequently. These are thin and do not impede your work. They do prevent dust and grime becoming ingrained in such a way as to cause chapping and wrinkles.

Hand preparations are short, but there is an excellent new non-greasy one now in the shops which carries a well-known name. The price is 1s. 6d., including purchase tax.

A good tip to augment the lotion is to work any surplus face cream, left on the hands after applying to the skin, into the fingers with the same movements as for putting on tight gloves. On the fingers of the one hand, work with a rotary movement of the other from the tips downwards.

Exercises

in the street and around the house. You may feel a little strained for a while, but as the flabby muscles strengthen it will become more and more natural and your carriage and figure will improve rapidly.

Whatever exercises you choose to follow up with, hold this posture while you do them or you are wasting time and energy.

In spite of the current fashion for swelling hiplines, most of us prefer artificial padding to Nature's kind. Here is a hip-reducing exercise:

Lie on the floor with legs outstretched and hand on the hips. Cross the legs scissorwise, right over left, as far as possible. Repeat with the left leg over the right. Hold the body straight and firm during the exercise.

Next: Stand erect holding lightly to a chair-back to maintain your balance. Swing each leg forwards and backwards as high as possible. Hold the correct posture as you do it.

Do these exercises regularly and over a period of time. Start with a few exercises and increase them each day. Never overtire yourself, and try to breathe evenly as you work.

For thickened calves, the simplest exercise is the best. Walk round and round the room on tiptoe. Follow this by lying on your back, legs in the air, doing a cycling movement with toes pointed.

Massage is specially effective in reducing heavy calves which are frequently due to defects of circulation.

Professional massage is best, of course, and a series of treatments very often has good results.

Right: Try this reducing exercise for the waist and hips. Stand erect on one leg, with the arms raised and one leg lifted behind. Swing the free leg forward and at the same time bring the arms down to meet the toes. Repeat with a rhythmic swinging motion on both legs

Health And Beauty By Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of the exercises or routines mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1—enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope

Hand massage, even without cream, is effective for preventing or easing chilblains or swelling joints. Rotate the fingers of one hand with the thumb and first finger of the other.

Another good movement is to press the palms of the hands against each other whilst rotating them.

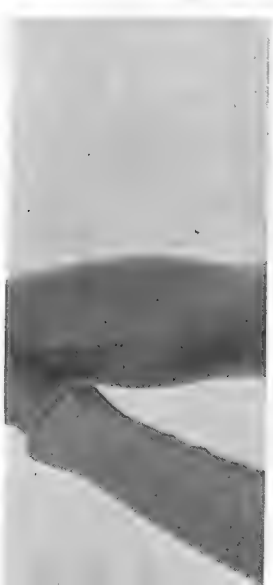
Five-finger exercises, played on a table, first slowly and then increasing in speed—are excellent for flexing the fingers, slenderizing the joints and improving the grace of the hands.

A simple daily habit of great importance to hand beauty is to dry the hands firmly from finger tip down to wrist. This must be done firmly. If at the same time the cuticles are pushed gently back, the nails grow more shapely.

Healthy nails should be smooth, strong and pink. How few we see to-day!

There is an excellent nail strengthening preparation, the name of which I shall be glad to send you. Nails respond better to shaping with an emery board instead of a steel file, or cutting with scissors. Always work *one way only* with the emery board—from side to tip.

For hands that have to do housework the rounded nail tip is best, and does not snap so easily. When varnish is used such nails can be made to appear long and elegant by carrying the colour to the very top of the nail tip.



Left: A daily exercise to improve the grace and flexibility of the hands. Support the wrist with the other hand and rotate it with the finger spread, describing a circle from left to right. Repeat with each hand a number of times each day

News For Skins

A SERIES of new beauty preparations have arrived on the market from the makers of a well-known range of cosmetics. They are especially worth attention because they can be used with beneficial results on any type of skin.

First comes a light conditioning cream to be used at night. Here, at last, is a night cream which is nourishing yet does not send you to bed greasy. This conditioning cream sinks into the pores and leaves a smooth surface, and is the culmination of long research on the part of the makers.

Next is a cleansing emulsion which goes deep into the pores and removes make-up and impurities together. It has the additional advantage that it acts perfectly as a hand-softening lotion. This point makes it specially good for travelling light when one bottle does the work of two.

Finally there is a gentle astringent lotion, safe for all skins, and an untinted foundation cream to be used as a powder base.

The top price of these preparations is 6s. and the conditioning and foundation creams are made in "Junior" sizes at 3s. 6d. Write to me for details and please enclose a stamped envelope for reply.

Fall of the Year Problems

PEAR MICE WITH CHOCOLATE

OCTOBER and the ensuing months are difficult ones for the housewife. The fall of the leaves marks the passing of our summer stand-bys—fresh fruit and summer vegetables; eggs become almost non-existent; that autumnal depression that always pervades our minds extends to catering.

We are loath to make too many inroads on stores of bottled fruit and salted vegetables with the long winter ahead. It is the moment to whip up our imaginations and try to glorify some of the more humdrum things left to us. Through the summer we should have been able to put aside quite a store of dried fruit. Most of this we shall try to save for Christmas and after, but the despised prune can be put to many interesting uses—such as rolling them in bacon for a supper or breakfast dish or lining the basin with them when making a steamed pudding, and so on. Here is a delicious recipe for a special occasion:

PRUNE AND BANANA CHIFFON PIE (6 people)

Ingredients: 1 tablespoonful gelatine, ¼ cup cold water, 1 cup chopped cooked prunes, 2 chopped bananas (optional), 1 flan case, 1 egg white, ¾ cup prune juice, 2 oz. sugar, juice of a lemon (optional).

Pastry for flan: 2 oz. fat, 5 oz. flour.

Heat the water and a little of the juice and dissolve gelatine. Mix together the prunes, bananas, lemon and sugar and the rest of the juice and heat till boiling. Add gelatine and mix in. When cold or nearly set, fold in egg white, stiffly beaten. Pour into pastry case to finish setting. If you cannot spare an egg white, whisk your mixture well when nearly set and pour into case. Decorate with mock cream.

Carrots are a good stand-by. The following supper dish, which is principally carrot, makes an appetizing meal:

CARROT SCALLOPS (4 people)

Ingredients: 2 medium sized carrots, 1 egg or reconstituted egg, ¼ pint parsley sauce, 1 tablespoonful breadcrumbs, 1 oz. cheese, 1 oz. margarine, salt and pepper to taste.

Dice the carrots and boil till tender. Hard boil egg (10 minutes). If reconstituted egg is used put it in cup (covered) and stand in a pan of boiling water and boil till set hard. Have only enough water in the pan to boil round it as water must not get into the egg cup. Make the parsley sauce with half water from the carrots and half milk. Season it well. Slice the egg and arrange carrot and egg on four scallop shells. Cover with sauce. Sprinkle grated cheese and breadcrumbs on top and little dabs of margarine. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 350° F. for about 10 minutes. Garnish with cheese-butter and parsley.

CARROT SCALLOPS

If you can get some late pears, here is a recipe for the children.

PEAR MICE WITH CHOCOLATE (3 people)

Ingredients: 5 or 6 medium-sized cooking pears, 4 oz. sugar, pastry or sponge case, thick chocolate sauce.

Skin pears, split in halves, remove cores and boil gently with sugar till tender but firm. Remove from pan and drain. When cool fill the centre with jam and press two halves together. Pears should then look the shape of mice. Trim them if necessary. Dust lightly with cocoa. Stick in half currants for eyes and pointed pieces of nut, if available, sloping back for their ears, and sticks of very fine spaghetti for their tails. Make a chocolate sauce with a heaped tablespoonful of flour, the same of sugar and cocoa, and ½ a pint of milk and water mixed. Mix dry ingredients in a bowl and heat the milk. Mix gradually into the dry ingredients till smooth. Then return to pan and boil gently for 5 minutes. Cool and pour into pastry or sponge case. Put the mice on the top.

Know your Cooker

HOW many of us in cooking fail to contrast the importance of mixing up the dish with the importance of understanding its essential complement—the cooker? Of what good is the boasted "light hand," the patient mixer, the medley of ingredients to improve a dish unless you have really studied your particular type of cooker from A to Z. Many cars are ruined by the learner who fails to know his car and more good food and fuel is wasted than one dares to contemplate by the cook who knows little about her cooker's side of the meal.

The commonest fault in cooking is overheating. Pans on top of the cooker boiling too fast are apt to burn and, more important, fast cooking takes all nature out of the food.

By Harriet Muir

On the whole our cookers spoil us these days. We have thermometers on many oven doors and helpful notes on the use of cookers are given in the recipe books issued by gas and electricity undertakings. On the other hand we are up against great difficulty at present with varying pressure of gas and electricity and inferior fuel for coke and coal cookers. These snags make it difficult to keep an even sustained heat—a fact which can cause unavoidable failures for the cook.

In such circumstances it is impossible to make set rules but the following hints may help.

If possible, choose foodstuffs for the meal which need roughly the same temperature in the oven. Once having got the temperature correct, try to leave both heat and food undisturbed. The oven of a modern cooker can be set at Regulo 4 for gas and 350 F. for electricity or the coal or coke cooker. At this temperature you can put a medium size joint in the middle of the oven with the potatoes round it and forget it for an hour and a half. Half an hour before the meal cook the greens and pop a quick pudding, prepared beforehand, into the oven. Incidentally, I am devoted to a double saucepan: It cooks two things for the same heat as one; and, important this, it keeps sauce custard or porridge smooth and unburnt without perpetual stirring.

Here are some points which may be helpful on the management of the three most usual types of cooker—gas, electric or solid fuel:

GAS COOKERS

Top Burners: Put as little water as possible in the pan when cooking vegetables and keep the lids on. Never let the flame spread up the sides, because it is only wasted heat.

Thick pans are always preferable; otherwise, on an open flame too much heat is concentrated on the centre of the pan if the metal is thin. Boil gently always except for (*Continued on page* 72)

How To Make Good Batter

Batter is the great stand-by for present-day cooks. If milk is short, it can be made without and used in the form of fritters. When eggs are short it can be made without these too and is pleasant used for meat in fritters; as a coating or as a baked batter with fruit. If you have to omit egg, spare a little more fat for frying than usual.

The important factor in the making of batter is its smoothness. If it contains egg, stand it for half an hour before use. Add the liquid gradually, and beat well with a wooden spoon. Batter made from fresh eggs can be left for use next day, though with the present flour it is apt to discolour and look grey. With dried reconstituted egg the batter should not be kept more than two hours. Half milk and half water can be substituted for all milk.

Pancakes and fritters require a different method of cooking. Pancakes need only just enough fat to prevent them sticking to the pan. The batter should be poured in when the fat is melted, *not hot*, and the pancake cooked slowly on both sides. Fritters, on the other hand, should be dropped into *smoking hot dripping* as deep as the fat ration allows.

Steaming produces the lightest batter pudding, which is delicious served with syrup, brown sugar or fruit.

For Yorkshire pudding, see that the dripping is boiling, with a faint blue smoke in the tin before pouring in the batter.

For batter without egg, beat up flour and milk and add about a saltspoon of bicarbonate of soda just before use. Mix well.

These are quantities for the two primary forms of batter :—

FRYING BATTER FOR FRITTERS AND FISH

Ingredients: 1 egg (reconstituted if dried), 4 oz. flour, pinch of salt, tablespoonful melted margarine (can be omitted), ¼ pint warm water.

Mix together egg, salt and margarine. Put flour in a basin, make a hollow in the centre and pour mixture into this. Add water gradually, mixing well.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING AND PANCAKES

Ingredients: 1 egg, 4 oz. flour, ½ pint milk, pinch of salt.

Let's Face It . . .

THESE are the days when most of us would like to change places with an ostrich and, burying our heads in the sand, refuse to contemplate the gloomy vista.

Let's face it, generally speaking, we are becoming bundles of nerves and nuisance-value and because we can't get what we want we try to avoid what we've got—but it doesn't work that way. We have each got to pull our weight in the national scheme of things—that's plain enough. But what I need—and I think every woman does—is a *personal* goal.

I was discussing my frustrated ambitions for a new house with a friend recently. "It's pointless to go on talking about your house," he said, "what you want to do is to select your ideal house and then work towards getting it."

That is sound sense. A constructive plan, a concrete objective gives a new zest to life even in a prefab. Similarly when you fall heir to a Sheraton mirror that is out of place in your modern flat, you find a new satisfaction in the possession of it if you have plans for a home into which it will really fit. Even a dead-end job becomes more endurable when you have made up your mind what you are really fitted for and, meantime, are preparing in some way for the day when you accomplish it.

Just looking ahead doesn't seem to offer much, I agree. It can even make you discontented with the present or just flatly discouraged, according to your temperament and circumstances. But to look ahead purposefully and personally does help. Whether it is a new sitting-room carpet or a month at the sea you are planning, it is a tonic to morale.

What *are* your ambitions? Whatever they are *do* something about them, and stop worrying. Half the things we fear never happen. On days when my vitality is at low ebb I see the future wreathed (apt word) in gloom. Now I've started a personal campaign for subduing all the bogies it is possible for subdue. Worrying (and I do a lot of it) can be conquered if you set your mind to it. Worries are worse than rabbits for multiplying.

Let's face it—present-day difficulties have brought each one of us individual headaches, our favourite home-grown grumble and grief. The only remedy which works with any degree of success is to fix your eye on something you want and to go all out for it.

My son wants a dog. We've painted up the old kennel in which the last much-loved canine never deigned to set foot, and we talk about the right diet for dogs and which breed we'll choose. We even go to dog shows. At the moment we cannot have a dog but we enjoy the future. I look to the days when steaks will be plentiful; when the customer will be right again, and the world our oyster.

That's theory; in practice, I'm keeping several opinionated—and not over-productive—hens in the back garden, encouraging the return of politeness in the shops in which I deal, and transferring my custom when it isn't forthcoming. . . . That's action, it isn't spectacular but I find it a relief.

Moreover because my pet, private and selfish plan is to spend three months in Italy before I'm forty, I'm teaching my husband to look after himself; I'm taking lessons in Italian, and I'm striving to save a little money each month for future plans.

That's my recommendation for facing up to the difficulties of the present—they are not especially clever or new, but I find them a tonic and so may you!

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Show Business . . . (*Continued from page 19*)

Westminster Aquarium's chief attraction.

Stewart turned his profits into a large investment in Glasgow property, and retired. He was persuaded to resume his active career when a Coney Island place called Dreamland wanted a new attraction. For a fat weekly salary and all expenses he took over a new troupe. But all died before the show opened. Stewart tried to collect a new native troupe, but New York being practically flea-free, he gave up, and sailed back to Glasgow and his rent-roll.

A good circus or fun-fair entrepreneur usually knows a good or a bad show on sight. But a stage show is baffling. There's no formula for success, except that somehow, whether it's drama, tragedy, farce, comedy, or merely a music-and-leg production, it must be "a good show." George Graves told me once that if at rehearsals the show folk were sure they had a smash hit, you could bet on a flop—and vice versa.

He instanced *The Merry Widow*. George Edwardes was putting it on as a stop-gap—his opinion of it was as low as that. Rehearsals were so bad they only confirmed his view. Young Lily Elsie, seeing her budding career ruined by a failure, would have withdrawn if the two Georges, Edwardes and Graves, and Joe Coyne, had not desperately combined to hold her in line.

In fact, the show folk were so sure they had got "a lemon" that they worked like galley slaves at song, dance, quip and "business," and what the first-night crowds saw was something extra special. *The Merry Widow* proved a gold-mine. But in the rehearsal stage Edwardes let it be known that he'd gladly sell the touring and provincial rights for "five hundred quid down." There were no takers. Those rights subsequently were worth tens of thousands.

There's no formula for the successful stage-play, though most big hits do seem to trace back to a real-life episode and character. *The Man Who Came to Dinner* is an apt illustration. Alexander Woollcott, the obese wit, dramatic critic, essayist, and radio entrepreneur, staged himself as a real-life show for perverse personal and canny professional reasons. He loved to be libelled, and made a cult of rudeness. One day, staying with the playwright Moss Hart, he bullied the servants, criticized the food and the company, and invited his own friends to dine. "My God," said his host to colleague George Kaufman when the guest had gone, "suppose he'd broken a leg and been on my hands all summer!" They looked at one another, both struck by the same thought. What an idea for a play!

Making the improbable Woollcott plausible was a problem, but these were two old and very adroit craftsmen. When they'd done, they didn't know whether they had a success or a flop. Neither did Woollcott, who had been told what went on. When the piece was a smash hit, he was easily persuaded to play himself as the unspeakable Sheridan Whiteside. Indeed, in the end it took a heart seizure to put him out of the show.

Show-business experts say that this one is a "Klondyke." Just a rich pocket—the Klondyke pocket lasted only four years—and when it's worked out, there's nothing left. It seems that *Show Boat* was like that. On the strength of a run that almost broke all Broadway records, the show was revived last year. By January, 1947 it had piled up a deficit of £40,000.

The same experts also include in the "Klondyke" class Van Druten's astonishing *The Voice of the Turtle*, which has had a three and a half years' run; the even more incredible *Harvey*, a laugh-fantasy woven by a practised woman playwright around a philosophical half-wit and his invisible-rabbit confidant; and *Life With Father*.

During its eight years' run—the show closed on Broadway July 12 last, after 3,213 performances, Broadway's longest run—*Life With Father* took more than ten million dollars. An advance guarantee of half a million more was paid for movie rights. The original sponsors have already made £100 for every £1 they invested. And it all started when the late Clarence Day thirty years ago wrote a short humorous article called "Father Trains a Dog." Of course, besides laughs at father and the juvenile love interest, the show has a certain nostalgic or dreamlike quality in dialogue which reminds you that once there was a world where chickens sold for 4d. a pound, oysters were 1s. a dozen, and a laundress would come in and work two whole days for 8s.

But who knows about "Klondykes"? So many of the guesses and diagnoses in show business are wrong. Look at *French Without Tears*. Terence Rattigan told me the story one day when we sat in his Albany flat, among the eighteenth-century pieces which represent the shrewd investing of play profits. He'd been writing unproductively for years when his agent, A. D. Peters, finding a couple of other backers, took a chance on a small piece himself. This little play, which had been going the rounds of the commercial managers with the rest, needed no high-priced star, only eight in the cast, and no scene change. It could be staged for £1,000.

The critics tore it up and threw it away. But the public spotted true comedy in it. They lapped it up from the start. It ran on to packed houses until it had broken all Criterion Theatre records for sixty-two years. American, translation, film, repertory, amateur and other rights grossed £50,000. Rattigan made £23,000.

Pinero is dust, but *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* still pays dividends. *East Lynne* is as good as a trust fund. It was written by an amateur playwright, wife of a man who worked in the office of William Brady, the American Cochran. Brady glanced at the stuff, saw the show possibilities, had it re-written; and one of the biggest gold-mines in theatre history was tapped.

Charley's Aunt has been running off and on for over half a century. Hollywood made a talkie out of it with Jack Benny. Benny wanted it, but the studio protested it was old-fashioned. "Aw, hell, it doesn't age," declared Benny; "it's a good show any time, any place." He was right.

Jack Waller once put on a Hippodrome show with George Robey and Renée Houston in it. You'd think a show with two such stars couldn't fail. But it did. Came off in fifteen days, and somebody dropped £12,000. Fanny Brice's husband, an ex-champion stenographer named Billy Rose, who had prospered in the song-writing and night-club businesses, made his debut as a Broadway producer with a musical show called *Corned Beef and Roses*. It flopped. He re-wrote it and called it *Sweet and Low*. It flopped again. He re-wrote it again, called it *Crazy Quilt*, and sent it on tour. It was a roaring success. In its run of nearly a year it regained the £20,000 Rose had already lost, and put £60,000 of profit in his pocket.

Remember Jack Dempsey? Farmhand, mucker, bouncer, with Irish, Scots, Cherokee-Indian and Jewish blood in his veins, he looked to showman Rickard "a terrible bum" when they first met. Jack Kearns, a lean wily-eyed fight manager, took him on; and Kearns built him up as a show. By carefully picking opponents for the developing Jack, as they moved across America, he created a legend and a drama. It paid off at the gate in every new town; and in the end Kearns had a world champion who was also a million-dollar-gate draw.

Those huge gates have faded out of the boxing picture. Shows anyway ride the economic tide. I had my first glimpse of that fact years ago, at the time of the Wembley Exhibition. The rodeo was on. I sat on the corral fence with C. B. Cochran. Rudyard Kipling was below. A long-horned steer rampaged in the chute on our right. A half-drunk cowboy was being obstreperous on our left. The R.S.P.C.A. people were out looking for trouble. The seats in the gigantic arena were not too full. I mentioned this to C.B., who shrugged: "It's show business—it's a gamble."

END

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Two-Colour Pull-Over

(*Continued from page* 40)

BELT

With No. 12 needles and contrast colour wool cast on 14 sts. Rib 30 ins., k. 1, p. 1. Dec. 1 st. each end of every alternate row until 2 sts. remain. Cast off.

ARMHOLE BANDS

With No. 12 needles and contrast colour wool cast on 2 sts., inc. 1 st. each end of every alternate row until 8 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 20 ins., then dec. 1 st. each end of every alternate row until 2 sts. remain. Cast off. Make another piece to correspond.

NECK BAND

Sew up the right shoulder seam. With No. 12 needles and contrast colour wool (right side of work facing) pick up and k. 34 sts. down from the top of shoulder to corner front, 27 sts. across the front, 34 sts. up to the opposite shoulder. Rib in k. 1, p. 1. Rib for ¾ in. decreasing 1 st. in every row at each corner. Cast off on the wrong side.

Pick up and k. 35 sts. across the back of neck. Rib k. 1, p. 1 for ¾ in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press on the wrong side with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side seams 11 ins. from the lower edge. Sew on the armhole bands. Sew the corner of band neckband to the shoulder neckband. With a No. 12 crochet hook work 2 rows of double crochet on the back of shoulder. Work to rows of double crochet on the front of shoulder. Work the button loops on the front of shoulder. Press all seams. Sew on buttons. Sew buckle on to the belt. END

Long-Sleeved Bed-Jacket

(*Continued from page* 40)

No. 12 needles and work 4 ins. (armhole should now be 7 ins.).

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

With contrast colour wool and No. 12 needles cast on 70 sts. Rib 2 ins., k. 1, p. 1. Change to No. 7 needles and main colour wool (with a k. row). Work in main pattern until 13 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE (wrong side of work facing)

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows; k. 2 tog. at the beg. of every armhole end rows until 42 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 5 ins. Change to No. 12 needles.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next front edge row. Work for 2 ins. at the same time decreasing 1 st. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 35 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows. Cast off the remaining 5 sts.

Work Left Front as for the Right Front with the shaping at the opposite edges.

SLEEVES

With contrast colour wool and No. 12 needles cast on 66 sts. Rib ½ in., k. 1, p. 1. Change to main colour wool with a k. row, and No. 7 needles increasing as follows: * K. 3, inc. 1 st. into the next st.; rep. from * until last 2 sts., k. 2 (82 sts.). Work on these 82 sts. in main pattern for 18 ins.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 31 sts. remain. Cast off.

Sew up the shoulder seams.

NECK EDGING

With contrast colour wool and No. 12 needles pick up and k. 92 sts. round the neck edge. Work 1 in., k. 1, p. 1. Cast off.

FRONT EDGINGS

With contrast colour wool and No. 12 needles. Cast on 8 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1. Rib 2 rows, make a buttonhole. Rib 2, cast off 4, rib 2. **Next row.**—Rib 2, cast on 4, rib 2.

Make 7 more buttonholes 1½ ins. apart and ribbing measures 17 ins. Cast off. Make another edge omitting buttonholes.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side sleeves seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on the front edges (buttonhole front to the right side). Press all seams. Sew on buttons and ribbon each side of neck.

END

The Moleskin Coat

(*Continued from page* 16)

"That explains everything," muttered Jamieson with heavy sarcasm.

"Quite a lot, Jimmy. It's made from creosote. Good treatment for osteo-arthritis, but unfortunately has a tendency to upset the stomach."

"Interesting. Most interesting. And where does it lead us?"

"Depends on whether Walter Rennick intended returning to Waldron Chase to-morrow."

"He did. Mrs. Rennick says they were setting off for a holiday in Scotland the day after."

"Then we're on the right track. We've got to decide what to do—and quickly."

Peter rummaged in his pockets, snapping his fingers irritably. Jamieson nudged Hervey; and Hervey taking the hint, offered his cigarette case again.

"Thanks, Doctor. Mustn't let me smoke all yours. Jimmy, I've an idea we oughtn't to waste any time. Telephones can be a nuisance. Send your three suspects home for the present. Tell Mrs. Rennick we can make no further progress until after the post-mortem examination. Then we'll visit Waldron Chase ourselves."

"To-night?"

"Yes. And don't tell anyone we're going there."

Eric Hervey, fascinated by the inquiry, could not conceal his disappointment.

"I don't suppose I'm likely to be of any help," he sighed, "but I'd love to come with you. May I?"

"May he, Jimmy?"

"Why not?" said Jamieson dourly. "He knows as much about the case as I do."

POTTER, the butler at Waldron Chase, made no protest at being roused from his bed in the middle of the night. An old man with ruffled white hair and frightened blue eyes, he wore a red flannelette dressing-gown over his long nightshirt.

"I—I'll be glad to do anything I can, of course, gentlemen," he faltered, when Jamieson had introduced himself. "I suppose your presence here means that it *is* murder. I gathered that it was poison when Mr. Spode telephoned, and I (*Continued on page* 58)

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couldn't imagine Mr. Rennick killing himself."

"Hasn't Mrs. Rennick phoned you since then?" asked Peter.

"No, sir. I must say that I rather expected——"

"She doesn't know anything definite yet. You've been with the family a long time, haven't you? Who lives in the house?"

"The master, the mistress, and myself. A housekeeper, a handyman, and three maids."

"Had Mr. Rennick any enemies here?"

"I'm sure not, sir. He was a hard man, it's true, but just. Everyone respected him."

"Someone wasn't too fond of him. We'd like to see his bedroom."

"If you'll come this way, please."

The old man led the way upstairs, switching on the lights, to a large, luxuriously furnished room. Jamieson snorted as he saw that the brushes and toilet requisites on the dressing-table were exclusively masculine.

"So this is why she didn't know her husband had arthritis. Where's Mrs. Rennick's room, Potter?"

"Next along the passage, inspector."

"All right. Wait downstairs for us. Now, Mr. Trevor. What do we look for this time?"

"Another container. Perhaps larger, but smelling just the same. Some capsules in it, if we're lucky."

The search did not take long. Jamieson very quickly discovered a cardboard box in a drawer of the bedside table.

"'One to be taken daily after food,'" he read from the label. "Gelatine capsules; with a white powder inside. Guaiacol?"

"Yes. I was afraid we mightn't find any of them. Shows how Rennick took his strychnine—in one of these."

"Then it *was* suicide?"

"No, murder. Strychnine's a white powder, too—just like that."

"Someone tampered with the capsules at the Colossal?"

"Or here. But only one was filled with strychnine. The murderer was far too clever to leave evidence behind."

"Doesn't strike me as very clever, Mr. Trevor." Jamieson's dour face grew troubled. "Seems a mighty dangerous plan. Anyone might have seen Rennick taking the capsule; and if he died soon afterwards, the cat would be out of the bag at once. Incidentally, why didn't one of his three guests notice him swallowing it during the game?"

"He didn't take it then."

"Then I give up! I suppose you'll be telling me next you know who the murderer is?"

"I do." Peter sighed. "But I can't prove it. Our only chance is to find out where the strychnine came from. And that's not going to be easy, because it must have been stolen. While we're here, let's take a good look round the house."

"What are we after?"

"Anything, Jimmy. Anything that strikes us as being at all out of the ordinary."

"But I don't know what——"

"Neither do we."

There followed a very trying time for Jamieson. It was bad enough having to set out on such an indefinite search without being compelled to suffer that irritating tuneless whistle which murdered one Scots air after another. But he never thought of complaining. Anything that helped Mr. Trevor to think had to be put up with.

It took a long time to go through the house, even though they kept away from the servants' quarters. Room after room was carefully examined without result. It was not until they entered a small washroom opening off the hall that Peter halted abruptly, staring at a fur coat which hung on a hook.

"That's curious," he observed.

"The coat?" said Hervey. "It looks pretty ordinary to me."

"It is ordinary, doctor. Far too ordinary for Lucy Rennick. That's the point. Moleskin's about the cheapest genuine fur, and there's money to burn in this place. Why should she have a coat like that? I wonder if Potter can explain the mystery."

The Moleskin Coat

Potter could. The coat had been made for Mrs. Rennick many years ago from skins provided by old Ben Singleton.

Peter's dark eyes glittered.

"And who," he asked, "is old Ben Singleton?"

"He was a kind of family pensioner, sir. Lived and worked at Waldron Chase all his life. He died four days ago. Heart trouble, it was. He'd had it for years; bedridden most of the time. His son, Joseph, a fine upstanding lad, manages the estate for Mr. Rennick."

"Did old Ben catch the moles himself?"

"He did, sir. He was a great hand at it in his palmy days. Famous all round the countryside. Mrs. Rennick usually wore this coat about here because she knew it pleased him."

"She was fond of him?"

"Very. Always trotting over to see him. She was with him when he died."

"Where did he live?"

"With his son, sir. First house down the road."

"Thanks. Well, I don't think we need bother you any more. Good night, Potter. Come on, Jimmy. I think Doctor Hervey would like to meet Mr. Joseph Singleton."

Both Jamieson and Hervey were surprised at this sudden decision.

"What do we want with him, Mr. Trevor?" growled the inspector as they hurried down the drive.

"You'll see," said Peter. "I hope."

They had no difficulty in finding the Singleton house. A light was burning in it; and when they rang, the door was opened at once by a young man who regarded them anxiously.

"Who is it?" he asked. "Anything—about Mr. Rennick?"

"You've heard of his death, I suppose," said Jamieson, introducing himself. "Why the midnight oil?"

"I couldn't sleep. It was a—tremendous shock. And I thought Lu—Mrs. Rennick might be telephoning."

"In love with her, Mr. Singleton?" queried Peter softly.

"I admire her very much," he replied. "So does everyone who knows her. She's been awfully good to us. My father thought the world of her. She used to sit with him quite a lot."

"His death was not unexpected, I believe?"

"The doctor had warned me that it might happen any time."

"Were both you and Mrs. Rennick present?"

"Well, not exactly. We were chatting with him, and I was called to the telephone. Just as I'd finished speaking, she shouted that a bad attack was coming on, and that I'd better get the doctor at once. By the time I'd phoned him, father had—had gone."

"I'm glad you weren't actually in the room. Can we see it, please?"

Surprised, Joseph Singleton hesitated a moment, then led the way upstairs into a comfortably furnished bedroom. Peter stood in silence, looking round. After a while he opened a small cupboard fixed to the wall above the mantelshelf. It contained a collection of ancient bottles and tins, grimy and dusty. There were various veterinary preparations and such things as rat poisons.

"Your father's medicine chest," he murmured. "Hasn't been used for years. Ought to be cleared out, you know. There's some dangerous stuff in here."

"He was only buried yesterday," said Singleton. "I haven't had time to turn round yet."

Peter nodded. From the back of the cupboard he lifted a small glass jar. It was empty, except for a few grains of white powder adhering to the glass, and the dusty label, yellowed with age, was quite indecipherable. Removing the cork, he touched the inside of the glass with a fingertip and gingerly tested it.

"Thank you, Mr. Singleton," he said, wrapping the little jar in his handkerchief and dropping it into his pocket. "That will be all."

He was whistling (*Continued on page* 60)

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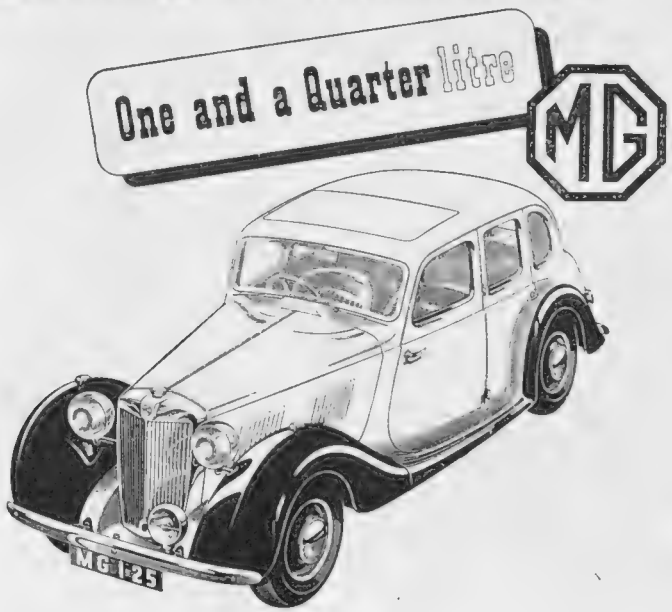

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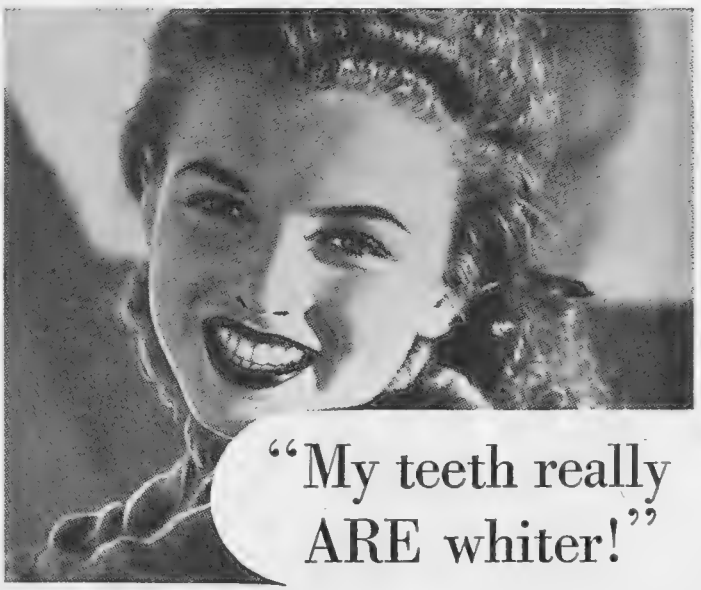

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"Coming Thro' the Rye" as they left the house. Jamieson grunted.

"I can see everything perfectly clearly now," he said morosely.

Peter laughed. "We may find fingerprints on this bottle, Jimmy. And old Ben Singleton must be exhumed. That, I think, will conclude the case."

Eric Hervey stared at him in the darkness.

"But I say, Mr. Trevor! Do you mean——"

"Yes, it's all over. Haven't you tumbled?"

"I'm hanged if I have! And I did hope——"

"If you're so interested, I'll see that you're present when we wrap it up neatly."

Later Peter called at the Colossal for Doctor Hervey and carried him off to Scotland Yard where they were at once ushered into Jamieson's office. The inspector frowned on them.

"I'm glad you've condescended to look in, Mr. Trevor. I'm supposed to give the Assistant Commissioner a full report on this case in half an hour."

"Quite a straightforward business, really," grinned Peter. "We know exactly how the strychnine was administered——"

"You may. I'm still hazy. In one of those capsules, you said. But you also said it was taken within half an hour of death, and it wasn't taken during the card game."

"Remember I told you, Jimmy, that guaiacol upsets the stomach. For this reason, it's frequently prescribed in formalized gelatine capsules; that is, gelatine hardened with formalin. These pass through the stomach unchanged, and don't dissolve until acted upon by the intestinal juices. Perhaps two or three hours later, depending on whether the stomach was full or empty. Rennick swallowed his daily capsule immediately after dinner, before the card party started. It had what you might call a delayed action. Like a time-bomb. The strychnine wasn't released from it until just before ten o'clock."

"Gosh!" muttered Hervey. "I never thought——"

"Neither did I; until I saw the arthritis—which brought guaiacol to my mind. After we'd settled this, the problem was—where the murderer obtained the poison?"

"From that cupboard in Ben Singleton's bedroom?"

"Yes."

"But how on earth did you guess——"

"The moleskin coat, doctor. I remembered that moles like worms; that mole-catchers know this, poison worms with strychnine, and leave them around. At least they used to—when regulations were lax and they could buy strychnine. It occurred to me that a retired professional might have a supply."

"Before you verified this," muttered Jamieson, "you told us you knew the murderer."

"That was easy. A delayed action capsule might go off at any moment, any day. The murderer would take care not to be present. Rennick was up in London for four days—with four capsules in his little silver box. Therefore someone at home was responsible. And the likeliest person to know what he was taking for his arthritis pretended complete ignorance of it."

"Gosh!" said Hervey again. "Mrs. Rennick!"

"Indiscreet of me to give her a hint that we were interested in guaiacol. If she'd acted on it—and arranged for those capsules at Waldron Chase to be destroyed—things might have been a lot more difficult for us."

Jamieson's frown deepened.

"Even now I don't see that we've much of a case against her. Is young Singleton mixed up in it?"

"Not directly," said Peter. "Or he'd certainly have removed any evidence from that cupboard in his father's bedroom. No, I think he's quite innocent. It's the old story of Potiphar's wife. Lucy Rennick fell for him. She used the old man as a smoke screen to avoid gossip. Eventually she decided to get rid of her husband.

"Her discovery of the bottle of strychnine in Ben Singleton's cupboard suggested the means. A poisoner's chief problem is always to obtain the stuff without anyone else knowing about it. And here it was, ready to her hand. But strychnine is dangerous to administer; it acts so quickly. Difficult, too, because of its intense bitterness. Then our Lucy remembered the capsules her husband was taking, and saw her way quite clearly."

Peter helped himself to a cigarette from the box on the desk.

"She had to kill the old man, of course, or he might guess where the poison that ended Rennick had come from. There was no difficulty about this. Merely a pillow over his face, while Joseph phoned for the doctor. The doctor suspected nothing. Why should he? Heart failure and suffocation can look very much alike. And heart failure was expected.

"So there you are. Rennick took four capsules to London, one of them poisoned. He'd die within the next four days. Someone might be accused of murder, but that someone couldn't possibly be Lucy Rennick left behind at Waldron Chase. She'd nothing to do but wait. That's all. Clear?"

Jamieson's frown persisted.

"Yes, it's all very convincing, Mr. Trevor—to me. But it isn't proof for a jury."

"Seems to me as a layman," added Hervey, "that there are other people who could have stolen the strychnine and monkeyed with a capsule."

"You're quite right, both of you," agreed Peter. "We haven't the slightest chance of proving that Lucy did either of these things."

"Well, I can't tell the Assistant Commissioner that," said Jamieson angrily. "There were no prints on the strychnine bottle. Nothing but dusty smears; evidently she wore gloves when handling it. I can't imagine where we're going to dig up anything concrete against her. But it's got to be done."

"I've already seen to it, Jimmy?"

"Eh? What's that?"

Peter looked at the two puzzled faces confronting him and laughed.

"She's a clever girl," he admitted. "Planned the almost perfect crime. Made only one mistake. I've just finished the post-mortem on Ben Singleton. This shows conclusively that death *was* due to suffocation—not heart failure. It's acknowledged that our Lucy was alone with him when he died." He adjusted his hat to the correct jaunty angle. "I don't think the Assistant Commissioner will mind which murder you hang her for."

END

Boys Will Be Girls (*Continued from page* 23)

this leaves the field open to us to dance," said John Stevens, and took Daphne into his arms. For the admiral was busy aft in his cabin, trying to do something to the sharp edge of a dental plate with his wife's nail file!

Mickeliff heard the call as he lolled in his *dghaisa*, "Coming, saire. All right, signor."

He saw and recognized the girl with the blonde curls as the one they had mentioned. He disliked the Commander, and thought it would even be a joy to put him ashore a long way off. He would have done it for half the money.

"Somewhere peaceful and dreamy," said Commander Finch.

The girl had gone remarkably quiet.

Now Mickeliff was determined to earn that handsome capful of money. They went down the Grand Harbour in style. They turned left passed Sliema, Tigné, St. Julian's Bay. Ahead lay the island where St. Paul is reputed to have landed. His white statue gleamed in the moonlight. That was when Commander Finch came to after the most unsuccessful romance.

"Here, where the devil are we off to?" he asked.

"You say very nice all-right trip?" said Mickeliff, with reproach in his eyes.

"I didn't say half way round the island. Turn back." (*Continued on page* 62)

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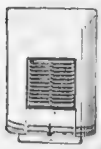

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"It's—it's getting very late," said the girl with the rich contralto voice.

"By Jove!" Commander Finch had not realized how time was flying, and now he remembered Daphne Faulkner. The admiral would have discovered that something was afoot. The admiral was the sort who went about looking for trouble, and generally found it. "Perhaps it wouldn't be a bad idea to put us ashore, and I'll get a car back?"

"They have very good cars here, saire," said Mickeliff, indicating a shack on the side of the bay. His fifth-time-removed cousin lived there. He had never owned anything in his life save ten goats and five delapidated hens, and it was a five-mile walk to anywhere.

"Get a move on," rapped out Commander Finch, now furious. The girl was a slow worker. One of the nervous kind, dazzlingly pretty but prudish. Never had he known a girl say so little, and he wasting all his best Clark Gable-cum-James Mason stuff on her.

"Stay here whilst I make some inquiries," he told her as the *dghaisa* grounded.

He felt rather ridiculous as he nipped up the beach to the shanty in mess dress. When he looked round again the *dghaisa* was at sea, and the girl with the blonde curls had taken them off—they were the hottest thing ever—and had lit a comfortable pipe!

"BUT where *is* he?" demanded the admiral, coming up from operations with a nail file, and missing Commander Finch. "Where the deuce has he gone to? What is he doing? Tell him that I want him. Now. Here. Immediately."

Number One said that Finch had been dancing with Froggie Freeman's sister. If you could find the sister you would probably find Commander Finch. An hour later, the admiral, now livid, sent for Froggie Freeman. When the message came, Froggie nearly fainted.

"Stick it out," said the sub. "Say that you have no sister. Say that you don't know who the girl was."

"But I'm in for it."

"Yes, you're in for it all right! Now handle it with tact. You know what he is. Get under way, you lout, and say you know nothing."

Froggie Freeman staggered off. He felt frightful.

DAPHNE was in John's arms. "We shall be most desperately poor," he said, "I don't expect promotion, I'm not that sort. My one idea is to retire when it comes to it and run a chicken farm."

"Oh John, darling, we'll be so happy. Daddy'll be furious, but that can't be helped. He shan't get you sent to China. If he does, I'll come too."

"Sweetness," purred John, as he kissed her again and again. He was blissfully happy. He felt that money was a very secondary consideration. And now, whilst he had the courage, he took Daphne's hand and they went along to see the admiral. It was one of those interviews best got over. The admiral had been talking to Froggie Freeman, and had come to the conclusion that Froggie was daft, and how the little fool had ever got past the admirals' interview, he wouldn't know. It all went to show what they'd let into the Service these days. Now he was so angry that he was at bursting point. Finch had disappeared. With a girl! Several had seen him going off with a girl. And the girl was not Daphne.

"Now what do you want?" he asked the two as they appeared looking somewhat foolish.

"Daddy, darling, I'm going to be married."

"We're mad. We've all gone mad," said the admiral. "How can you marry? You've nothing to marry on. I don't know what people are coming to. I don't know what's happening to everybody. We're all quite mad."

"We do so want your blessing, sir," said John Stevens.

"You'll need it," said the admiral. "By God, you'll need it, sir, for that's about all you will get out of me," and at that moment his teeth hurt most abominably. The nail file had been futile. He considered that he was ripped from tongue tip to uvula.

"Daddy, you're a peach," said Daphne, and kissed him.

"Thank you very much, sir," said John Stevens.

AT that moment a *dghaisa* rounded the point, with Mickeliff rowing it gallantly, in the knowledge of a noble cap well earned.

Venus sat with a brave display of leg and a pipe She shuffled the pipe away and clapped on the wig. The sub. was leaning out of a convenient scuttle. He had never intended this to get as far as the admiral, and somehow or other Froggie's sister had to be got inboard. Shoving people through scuttles might be unladylike, but it was necessary.

"Oi," said the sub., beckoning.

There was a breath-taking moment when Venus shinned up a piece of rope, pushed up with an oar applied to the softest part in an amiable intention to help from Mickeliff. John Stevens, peering over the taffrail, saw something queer below. A pair of legs waving. Skirts. Ye gods! thought he. But being kindly he said nothing about it When people go in and out of scuttles it is invariably for some good reason. Best not ask too many questions.

Across the wilds of the Maltese coast, in a forest of prickly pear, Commander Finch marched homewards muttering horrible things about women. He felt at bursting point.

Little Mickeliff was going home.

He had a battered old service cap tipped into his *dghaisa*, and he knew that he could buy a little shop. The most delightful dreams filled his head. Even though it had been a very curious young lady who smoked a pipe and looked surprisingly like a young gentleman. But the English do these things. They are a harmless race, pleasant, but at times just a trifle so-and-so.

Everybody knows that!

So why worry?

Anyway he had the money, and, as he told himself, "the money is always the convenience."

He tied up at the Custom House steps.

END

Boys Will Be Girls

Final Verdict

(*Continued from page* 36)

But it was her throat that betrayed her most. What a fool she was not to have practised self-control—as he had; though even the coolest of witnesses and prisoners had been like malleable wax in the Hanging Counsel's hands—no bluffing him. Suppose someone else had noticed that convulsive swallowing! Suppose it was trumpeted abroad that Lady Trevorly, wife of the renowned K.C., was a strumpet?

This rising tide of blackness in his brain was honest indignation, no more. He had himself in supreme control—his big, powerful hands that could bridle the hardest-mouthed runaway horse were his servants, not his master. If it had been otherwise——

HE forced back the blackness as his wife's limp body slid out of his hands and huddled on the Aubusson carpet. The return of light to his mind was staggering—blinding.

He stared down.

She did not move, and there were blue, horrifying stains on that once milkwhite throat.

"Nancy!" he said. She did not stir. Her eyes stared sightlessly. He noticed in a detached way that the tea-table had capsized; its furniture was strewn over the carpet. The teapot was still dripping liquid that stained the carpet.

A discreet knock on the door heralded Burton's appearance.

"The evening paper, sir," he announced. It was folded so that a scare headline showed prominently: " Hanging K.C. says Blackout is Impossible."

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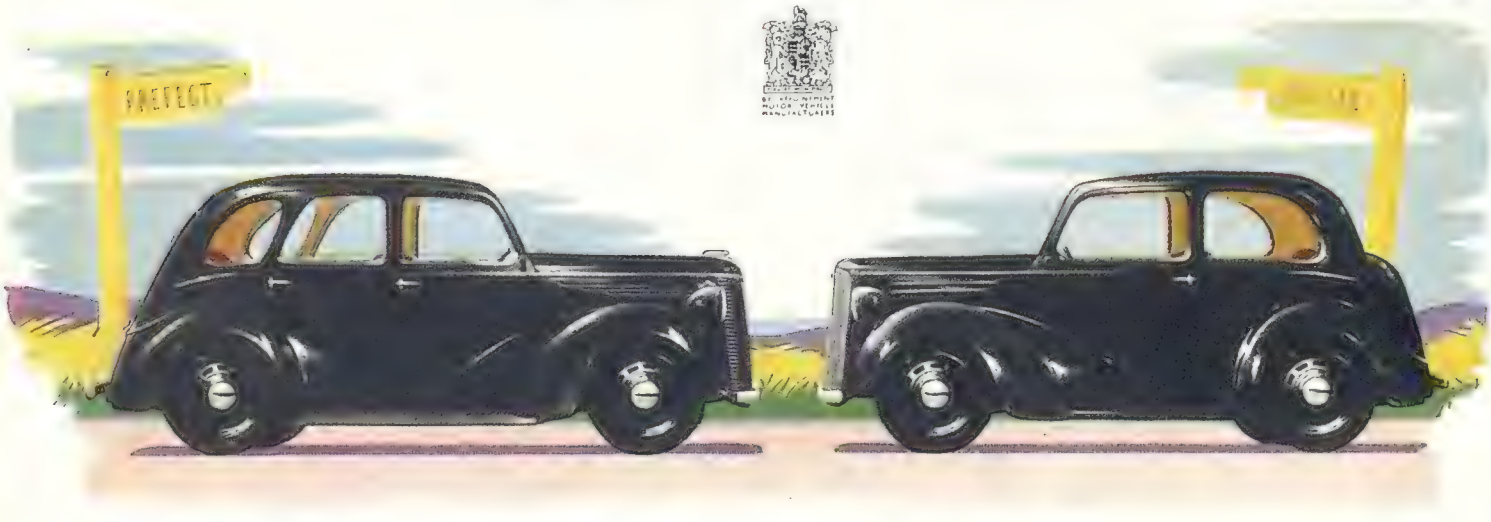

Difficult Assignment (*Continued from page 32*)

began to like Sister Murphy.

Sister Murphy was also thinking that Lieutenant Dorland was a pleasant young man. She was thinking about something else too. She stroked her sleeve with a plump hand. When she spoke her voice was carefully casual. "You know, Agatha's very young and shy. You—you won't get her all mixed up or—or hurt—or anything, will you? Uniforms, and all that you know, go to a girl's head."

Lieutenant Dorland cocked an eyebrow at her. "What sort of fellows have you met in the Army?"

The smile came back to her eyes. "You'll do, Christopher Dorland."

"On the contrary," he said gallantly, "I feel most inadequate."

"Have some more beer," said Sister Murphy in a warm voice.

As he passed her his glass Miss Merton burst through the double doors. "Is there enough beer, Murph?" she said anxiously. "Soldiers drink an awful lot."

Christopher's jaw dropped. The urchin had vanished and she was radiant in a dark blue evening frock. There was a single rose pinned to the shoulder of it. The unruly hair lifted in a sophisticated sweep to the top of her head. She watched his scrutiny unembarrassed. "Will I do?" She pirouetted briefly before him.

"You look like a princess," said Christopher.

"Oh, Chris, do I? Murph, did you hear?"

Sister Murphy smiled. "You do, too, but you've forgotten one ear-ring."

"No I haven't, it's in my bag. I want you to fix it for me."

Sister Murphy fumbled with the small pink ear. She said, "Would you like some beer Agatha?"

The princess regarded Christopher with anxiety. "I . . . I don't like beer, could I have some lemonade? You don't mind, Chris?"

"I should have been disappointed had it been otherwise," he said.

THE dinner was finished. Lieutenant Dorland regarded his plate with mixed feelings. Dinner had been an hilarious affair, hilarious and at times, thanks to the volatile temperament of his companion, surprising. When they had sat down she had stage-whispered to the surgeon opposite that his dress studs didn't match. Their immediate neighbours had dissolved in happy laughter.

Miss Merton bent her head suddenly and examined the line of empty plates. "Everyone's eaten the trifle," she murmured importantly, "Did you like it, Chris? I made it myself. Cook's not very good at trifles."

"I liked it very much."

Under the table Agatha pushed a small hand into his. "Are you sure you're having a happy time, Chris?" There were faint lines on her brow.

He looked at her steadily. "I am very happy and very proud."

"Oh, Chris, you're much nicer than you were on the bike. I thought you were rather stuck-up," she said candidly.

Christopher squeezed her hand. "You've changed too. Now you're a very beautiful young woman."

Her eyes dropped and the blood came delicately to her cheeks. "No one's ever said that to me before," she breathed.

Chairs scraped abruptly at the head of the table and they rose. Matron led the way majestically to the ballroom. Christopher and Agatha drifted out on the tail. She laid a hand on his sleeve. "Chris, will you dance with Matron? Murph says its the thing."

Christopher looked at the formidable figure enthroned below the orchestra dais. "Well I survived the bicycle, I'll try anything once. Promise you won't run away?"

"Promise. I'm just going to look at your room to see that it's all right."

Christopher walked purposefully across the floor. He bowed slightly. "May I dance with you, Matron?"

Matron sighed gustily. "You're giving away a few stone, Lieutenant," she said with a smile. She took hold of him firmly and they moved off. "I'm so glad you could come."

"So am I, Matron. I think it's the best party I've been to in ages."

"Did Agatha ask you to say that?"

"I don't think she's capable of it."

"Neither do I. I was only joking, I'm very fond of her, really, you know."

"I think she is very fortunate."

Matron patted his shoulder with a fat hand. "You should be saving those compliments for her, not for me." She didn't look displeased. "You'll come and see us again, won't you? We're having a garden-party in three weeks time."

"I'd love to, thank you very much."

"Don't tell any stuffy Brigadiers about it. It's just for young people."

Lieutenant Dorland's eyes glinted. "Nothing was further from my mind," he said truthfully. The music finished and he led her back. "Thank you, Matron."

"It's I who should thank you, young man. I shall be very disappointed if we don't see you again"

He found Agatha sitting on the step just outside the French window, sipping lemonade. She moved and made room for him. "Gosh, I'm thirsty. Did you have a nice dance?"

"Very pleasant. I think Matron is top-notch."

"She's a dear."

The music was playing again. "Can I dance with you now?"

"I'd love to." They stood up and she moved shyly into his arms.

They danced well together As they circled round he caught Matron's eye and she smiled approvingly at him. He said, "I think this is the nicest night I have had since I can remember."

Her grey eyes lifted, serious now, and searched his face. "I'm so glad," she said quietly, "because that's how I feel too." They danced on happily.

Afterwards they sat on the step again and Christopher drank beer. Then they went on dancing tirelessly.

When the evening was over and the orchestra were packing away their instruments, Agatha sighed with regret. "It's all over."

"Thank you very much."

She smiled gratefully at him. "I'll take you to your room." Her eyes widened suddenly. "The last patient we had in there died. Oh, dear!"

"I shall be able to tell his ghost about you."

They walked quietly along dimly-lit corridors to his room. "Well, here we are," she said brightly.

"Yes."

"This is where you sleep," Miss Merton added pedantically. "I hope the bed is comfortable."

Lieutenant Dorland said, "Yes." He held out his arms suddenly.

"Oh, Chris, darling," she said happily.

She raised her warm lips.

CHRISTOPHER pulled his tie to a satisfactory knot. He was thinking about breakfast. He was packing and still thinking about breakfast five minutes later, when Miss Merton's clear voice called through the closed door.

"Are you nearly ready, Chris?"

"Nearly. Just finishing packing. Come in."

She came in looking cool and absurdly young. "Did you sleep well, Chris?"

"Like a log." He moved the case along and made room for her to sit on the bed. "How about you?"

She stifled a small yawn. "I was up again at four. Fifteen emergency cases. You'll laugh when I tell you about them." She watched him packing. "What funny coloured pyjamas," she said absently. "Chris, I wish you weren't going?"

"I'll be back." (*Continued on page 66*)

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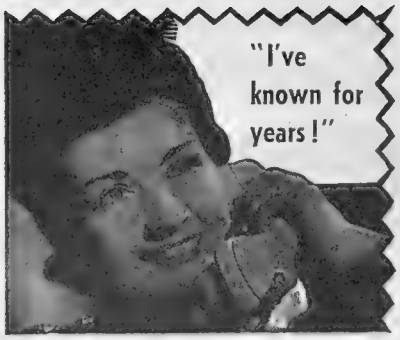

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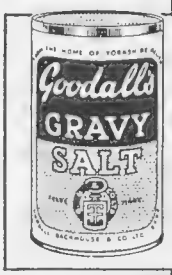

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Cuticura
THE MILDLY MEDICATED TOILET
SOAP

284

"Often?"

"Often and often." He took her hands and drew her upright. Then he solemnly kissed each bright grey eye and his lips felt their way caressingly down her cheek to her soft mouth. She sighed deeply and her hands tightened round his neck.

After a moment she laughed shakily. "I——I've never felt like this before," she said uncertainly. "I feel all hot and funny. Does one fall in love as quickly as this?"

"One does," said Christopher with great authority. They left the room.

As they walked down the corridor she said, "I'm glad you like me. Murph says I'm harum-scarum. Oh," she broke off suddenly and laughed. "Aren't you pleased you came to the dance after all? The emergency cases were all food poisoning ones from your camp."

Lieutenant Dorland was about to say, "Which part?" when the corridor broadened into a ward and he came face to face with the pale twitching countenance of his Brigadier.

"Good morning, Sir," he stammered

The Brigadier's eyes were lack-lustre. "Good morning, Dorland," he gasped. From adjacent beds the Brigade Major and the Staff Captain regarded him with hollow eyes.

"I——er——don't think you know Miss Merton, the housekeeper," he said, aware, with embarrassment, of the girl still clinging to his arm.

The Brigadier summoned up a weak smile. "How do you do, Miss Merton."

"How do you do. Chris has told me such wonderful things about you," she said untruthfully. "And you're not at all stuffy!"

Lieutenant Dorland became suddenly interested in his shoes. He coughed. "Well," he said, conscious of six burning eyes, "I must shoot off and have some breakfast." The Staff Captain groaned faintly. "Good morning, Sir." He continued down the corridor with Miss Merton ecstatic on his arm.

With great difficulty the Brigade Major and Staff Captain turned gingerly and regarded each other. Then they subsided wearily on to the pillows. "Forewarned," thought the Brigade Major bitterly, "is forearmed."

END

Difficult Assignment

Homelands Of Famous Hymns

(*Continued from page* 33)

birthplace, and at the Royal Portora School, County Fermanagh, Ireland, his hymn is always sung at the close of each term, to remind the scholars that Henry Francis Lyte was once a pupil there.

The tune to which "Abide With Me" is now sung in every part of the world, was not composed by him, however, but by the celebrated Dr. W. H. Monk, one-time organist at King's College in the Strand, and at Stoke Newington. Requiring a tune to fit Lyte's verses, when the first edition of *Hymns, Ancient and Modern* was being prepared, Dr. Monk hurriedly strummed out the air and then quickly added the other vocal parts.

OTHER hymns have been composed in similarly unusual circumstances, and have given fame to various places up and down Britain. With the sole exception of the Wesleys, probably the most prolific hymn-writer of modern times was James Montgomery. Fulneck School, near Leeds, remembers him as a pupil, and although he made newspaper work his career, he wrote more than 400 hymns! About 100 of them have found their way into hymnals.

Some of his poetical efforts brought him into trouble with the authorities, but among the hymns which he gave us were "Hail to the Lord's Anointed" and the Christmas carol "Angels from the Realms of Glory."

Malpas, a charming little place of half-timbered houses, in Cheshire, commemorates another famous hymn-writer, the church there having a window in memory of Bishop Heber. Hodnet, Shropshire, can claim connections with this clergyman, also, for he lived there for a time, though this was long before he wrote "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" and other hymns.

Like the tune for "Abide With Me," the verses of that missionary hymn were composed at great speed, and the form in which they are sung to-day is almost exactly the same as the original version. Bishop Heber made few revisions to the original draft, though some hymnals now alter the line which (in some people's opinion) is a slander on Ceylon!

Further links with the Heber family exist at Ilkley, the Wharfedale spa, where a local ravine is known as Heber's Ghyll, and where there are memorials of Heber interest in the parish church. The home of the family was at Middleton, across the river from the spa.

Interest in still another writer of hymns was aroused a short time ago, when Kersal Cell, Salford, was bought by public subscription. This ancient black-and-white house near Manchester was the home of John Byrom, who wrote many poems and whose best-known hymn was "Christians Awake."

The building has been acquired for use as a community centre, and has been restored by volunteers. The room where John Byrom penned his poems, including the famous Christmas hymn, has been preserved and refurnished much as it was in his time.

Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire, must also be included among the most important homes of hymn-writers in Britain. As the birthplace of Bishop Ken, author of the hymn "Glory, My God, To Thee This Night," it has a link with hymnals published in various countries and various tongues. Bishop Ken was born in this Hertfordshire place in 1637, and grew up under the guardianship of the equally famous Isaac Walton. He eventually became chaplain at The Hague, in 1679, but his great evening hymn was the work that gave his name immortality.

There are other hymns, however, which despite their current popularity are tinged with mystery. Most hymnals include "Lord Dismiss Us, With Thy Blessing," yet the author of those verses is not definitely known. In most cases the hymn is attributed to John Fawcett, who ministered at Hebden Bridge, Yorkshire, during the second half of the eighteenth century. In other instances the authorship is credited to the Rev. W. Shirley, son of the first Earl of Huntingdon, who is said to have written the hymn when he was rector of Loughrea, Ireland.

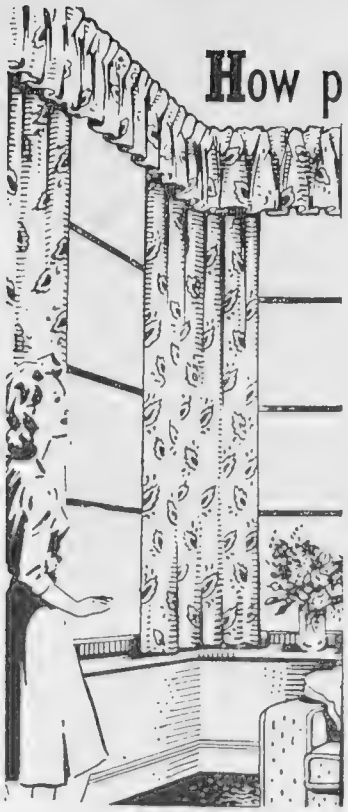
The Rev. John Fawcett was so beloved by his congregation that they tearfully entreated him to remain at Hebden Bridge, when he was invited to remove to London in 1772. Their genuine sorrow at his departure prompted him to turn down the invitation at the last moment, even though the wagon carrying his furniture was already loaded.

One of his activities in Yorkshire was to run a school in his home, Brierley Hall. Other hymn-writers, too, have acted as private tutors, among them being Henry Francis Lyte himself. He taught young pupils at Berry Head House, augmenting his stipend in this way.

Bouts of ill-health in his later life necessitated that he spend the winter months in a warm climate, and it became customary for him to go to the South of France each autumn. The most popular hymn in the world was written shortly before he sailed to France for the last time, in 1847.

A few weeks after his departure, news came to Brixham that the town's beloved rector had died, and had been buried in the British cemetery at Nice. A memorial cross marks his grave, but his name is most widely immortalized as the author of the hymn "Abide With Me." It was sung throughout Christendom as part of the centenary celebrations.

END



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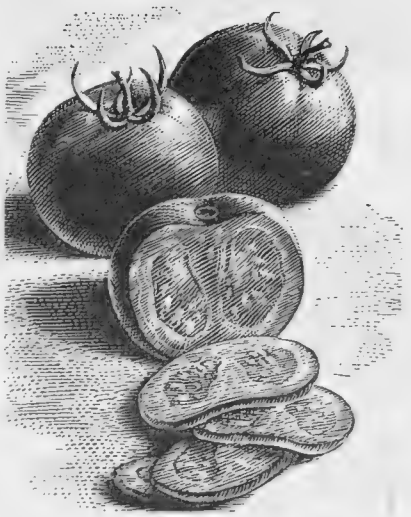

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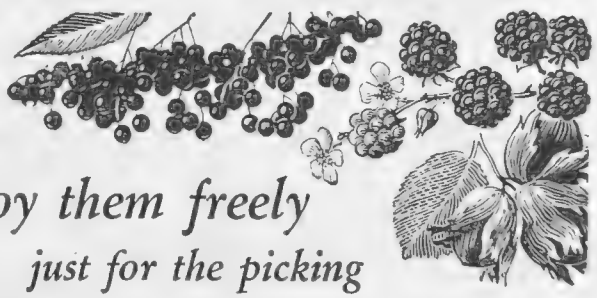

Enjoy them freely just for the picking

Blackberries — elderberries — rose-hips and other wild fruits make delicious jams, jellies, puddings and pies to add variety and zest to your meals. They're yours for the picking; but do remind the children to be careful to shut gates, to avoid treading on growing crops and to be careful not to break hedges or bushes.

Elderberry Pie

1 lb. elderberries (ripe, black ones, stripped from stalks), 1-2 level tablespoons syrup, 2 tablespoons hot water, 2 or 3 cloves, 8 oz. pastry.

Nearly fill pie dish with berries. Sweeten with syrup and add the water and cloves. Cover with pastry. Bake in a brisk oven till crust is browned. Then lower heat and allow fruit to simmer for a further 10 to 15 minutes. N.B. The easiest way to remove the berries from the stalk is to strip them with a fork.

Elderberry and Apple Jam

3 lb. elderberries, 3 lb. sour apples or crab apples, 5 lb. sugar.

Wash and stalk the elderberries with a fork. Warm gently to draw the juice then boil until tender. Cook apples and simmer in another pan, with just enough water to prevent burning, until quite soft. Then pass through a sieve. Add the apples and sugar to the elderberries. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, then boil rapidly until setting point is reached (a little dropped on a cold plate should wrinkle when pushed with the finger).

Rose-hip and Apple Jam

This is a good source of vitamin C.

1 pint rose-hips, fully ripe (they are at their best for picking just after frost has touched them), 2 pints boiling water, ¾ lb. cooking apples, ¼-½ pint water, 2 lb. sugar.

Wash the hips, put into the boiling water, boil gently until soft; mash with a wooden spoon and strain through a jelly bag or muslin, allowing it to drip overnight. Measure the hip juice and make it up to 1½ pints with water. Cook apples in water until they are reduced to a thick pulp. Rub through a sieve. Mix juice and pulp and bring to the boil, stir in the sugar and when dissolved, boil rapidly until setting point is reached.

BOTTLING wild fruits

Blackberries and elderberries can be bottled in the same way as cultivated fruits. By themselves, or mixed with some of your other bottled fruits or apples according to taste, they are then ready to make delicious fruit pies, steamed fruit puddings.

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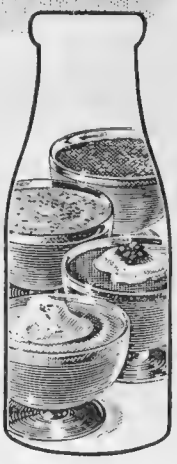
MAKE MILK A TREAT



Even children who normally don't like milk eat it eagerly as creamy, velvety Little Miss Muffet Junket. It's delicious and the most healthful and digestible of all milk sweets. Made with lukewarm—not boiling—milk, the valuable vitamins are retained. Being made from liquid rennet you get the full value of the rennet enzyme, which breaks up the heavy milk curd. Easy to prepare—made in a minute and set in ten.

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P4

The Club Women Of America

(*Continued from page* 24)

Women's groups within a club, which make patriotism their purpose, are apt to become so many crude flag-waggers and often develop a narrow racial outlook and colour intolerance more marked than in male organizations. I've dealt with the ice cut by political groups. No single clubwoman has yet made a mark in foreign policy, while a woman mayor is still national news. As for religious and reform groups being the arbiters of manners and morals, the verdict is that American women's clubs overreached themselves; hence the somewhat derisory new label of "do-gooders."

What worries Americans is the enormous amount of effort, money and brain-work which goes into these clubs. Can the nation continue to afford so much of all three at the present time?

True, the many score thousand women's clubs exercise a big economic influence. Enormous auditorium rentals are paid, and when the General Federation has its annual beano, it means millions of dollars to a town or city—as this last summer New York won out. The clubs themselves have gone into real estate in a big way, while the furniture and fittings they acquire for their premises represent no slight productivity.

In the same way, dressmakers stand to gain heavily. Any number of women dress specially for their clubs, while "platform clothes" are *de rigueur*.

Then there's the catering trade: the millions of chickens that go into salads and patties, and the pink ice-cream which completes the staple snack. And I was forgetting the hatshop. The new hat reigns at these functions, and it serves a double purpose: vanity, and keeping the wearer's mind off dwelling on the problems of the world.

Producers there certainly are, in legion, for these women's clubs, yet what sort of productivity is it these times? The clubs even absorb a large number of able women, running them, organizing their activities. Couldn't such women be better employed in view of the fast diminishing yield? Couldn't the members themselves be better employed than in listening to chat, chat, chat, which doesn't even go in at one ear, most of the time?

"What's wrong now is that nobody is afraid of a clubwoman any more. The more they spend on themselves, their club houses, and their cultural attitudinizing, the less they matter. If these women once thought they had a function, where is it today? The clubwoman may think she is fulfilling a social duty by sitting vapidly in front of a speaker on world affairs, but is she? Only a rich country like the United States could ever have afforded her. Now we've got other calls on our purse." Such is one approach to the stocktaking, duly condensed.

A second seeks to set forth exactly what the women's clubs have encompassed in a generation of ever-mounting excitability.

"What do the clubs do with all the material they amass and spout at their millions of members? What does it actually lead to? What results are achieved beyond an oft-repeated personal thrill, compound of vanity and pretence, affectation and *réclame*? There appears to be one huge lag between declared purpose and attainment. Nothing more noble and high-minded than the former; nothing punier than the latter, given the enormous sums and energy expended. Main results thus far, are understood to be:

"School age has been raised to fourteen. Garbage collection has been improved. Campaigns for pure food have borne fruit. Closer attention has been directed to social disease. Vice crusades have tapered off, as usual, after initial ballyhoo."

A third method of attack is to enter a club's precincts and report the prevalent atmosphere. Members themselves all too often see the hollowness and mockery of their activities, "carrying the banner of this and that social purpose and that's about all." They expend themselves on club politics and elections, in don't-pass-it-on gossip and "adornment talk." They don't mind anymore. They've got to fill yawning gaps in their daily lives and this is the way to do it.

Apologists for the women's clubs claim that too short a span has elapsed after the suppression of women that obtained for centuries. By the end of the century things should have shaken down into a steady and valuable yield to the social services and political criticism. But it is realized that the existing clubs which grew up after 1922 have come to the parting of the ways. They cannot go on in their present fraudulent guise, three parts froth, window dressing and self-advertisement, and one part serious, applied endeavour.

American women quite clearly want the group-mindedness and companionship afforded by a club. Very well. But they must make up their minds as to what sort of a club they require. If women want a purely social club, for companionship, it must be one without pretence—like so many men's clubs, athletic or otherwise, where one meets friends and semi-strangers, relaxes.

Where American women want something different, something with a purpose to it, so that they may "live with their consciences" and work for improvement and betterment, then they must go after that quite separately from the companionate club. The two can no longer march together: social club, and high-purposed institution.

How the divorce is going to take place, it is hard to say, in view of the vast intertwining of finance and property in the existing clubs. But the writing is on the notice board. The American clubwoman has become a comic. Her vapid futility, in the majority of cases, is vividly offset by the "popularity girl" of the day—in smock, apron, and overalls.

END

Owls Are The Farmers' Friends

(*Continued from page* 29)

as an arrow from behind and drove her sharp claws into my side, causing a deep dull pain and unnerving me, and no sooner had she done this than the other attacked from the front and sank his talons deep in my right arm causing blood to flow freely, and a third attack and my shirt sleeve was torn to shreds for they had struck me a third terrible blow on the right arm tearing three long, deep gashes, four inches long; also one claw went through the sinew of my arm, which about paralysed the entire arm.

If you have ever been near an owl in flight you will have noticed that its flight is almost soundless. This is because it is endowed with special silencer equipment. The edges of each wing and the tail feathers are covered with a pile softer than silk. This peculiarity, coupled with the special formation of the flight feathers which are very broad, makes an owl on the wing the most soundless bird alive. When it is remembered that a large part of an owl's diet consists of mice, whose ears are very sensitive, the need for this silent flight becomes apparent. Another advantage of such silent flight is that it enables the owl to hear sounds which would be drowned if its own flight were noisy.

Gamekeepers and others sometimes shoot and trap owls. It is true that owls sometimes kill game chicks but, on balance, owls are of benefit to humanity, and particularly so to the farmer. Insects, rats and mice form a large part of the fare of British owls, thus ridding agriculture of some of its worst foes.

To feed their voracious young, parent owls have to capture a great deal of prey. Writing of the American barn owl, W. L. Finley says an old owl will capture as much or more food in a night than a dozen cats. He says the owlets will eat their own weight of food every night—or more if they can get it!

END

How many years will you sleep?

Assuming that you are an average grown person and that you will live to the ripe old age of 70, how long have you left to sleep?

Well, of course that depends on how old you are now. If you are 20 years old, you'll sleep 16 years, 8 months, 3 days, and 8 hours! If you are 45, you still have 8 years, 4 months, 1 day, and 16 hours to sleep, for we spend one-third of our lives in bed.

Actually, far more important than how *long* you sleep is how *deeply*. This has been proved time and again by those who drink Horlicks at bedtime. Horlicks does more than soothe and comfort the tired system—it promotes the deep unbroken sleep that brings renewed vitality next day. . . Horlicks remains in short supply.

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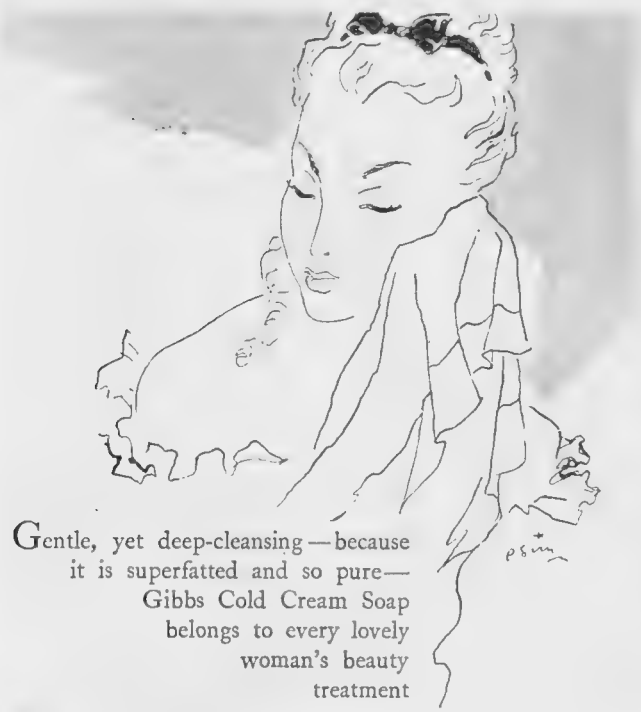

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NESCAFÉ IS A SOLUBLE COFFEE PRODUCT composed of coffee solids, with dextrins, maltose and dextrose, added to retain the aroma.

A NESTLE'S PRODUCT 30A

To-morrow The Moon

(*Continued from page 17*)

have the New Yorker receive it some four hours before it was mailed, on account of the difference in time.

Rockets of this kind, of course, would have to be steered with automatic devices from start to finish. If a pilot were to go along, it would only be for the ride. His human reflexes would be too slow to guide the projectile accurately. A second's indecision at 16,200 miles an hour, and he would miss his destination by hundreds of miles.

Such instruments theoretically could guide a rocket exactly to its destination without outside aid. They would have to be very complex and delicate, though, and the probabilities are that for peacetime use, mail rockets will be guided simply by a combination of internal gyro controls and short-wave radio beams at the take-off and landing.

Apparatus of this kind has in fact already been developed on paper. It will take some experimentation to perfect it for practical purposes, but it doesn't differ very much from the types of radio control now in daily use on aircraft, radio-controlled bombs and blind landing systems for aeroplanes.

THE National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics recently disclosed that it is experimenting in its wind tunnels with jet propelled planes that will fly up to 2,000 miles an hour. But even 1,500 miles an hour is pretty fast. Such a speed will bring every point of the earth's surface within eight hours of every other point. You would be able, at 1,500 miles an hour, to fly from one side of the earth to the diametrically opposite side in one comfortable working day. For most folks that will be fast enough, but for some it will still be too slow. For these there will be the passenger rocket.

A long-distance passenger rocket may fly at least ten times as fast as the fastest plane, so the first question that comes to mind is whether the human frame can stand such speeds.

It is known that the human body can move at literally *any speed*, so long as the motion is fairly steady, with no fast stops or starts. As a matter of fact, everybody in the world is travelling at about nineteen miles a second this moment—in the earth's orbit around the sun. It doesn't hurt us a bit.

What does hurt is a rapid increase or decrease in speed—what the physicists call "acceleration." In a passenger rocket we shall have to be careful to accelerate no faster than the human body can take it. But again there is plenty of evidence that we are on the safe side. The rocket must not gain velocity too rapidly for other reasons: it must build up speed at a rather gradual rate until it has reached the high stratosphere; otherwise air resistance would keep it from getting anywhere at all.

It is also the nature of a rocket that it must burn up all its fuels as fast as possible. It then coasts the rest of the way to its destination on its momentum, like a shell. Passengers would consequently be subjected to the acceleration for only a very short time, probably two or three minutes. After that the motors will be shut off. The rest of the journey will take place without the expenditure of any more power.

This coasting part of the flight will be a rather memorable experience. For the rocket and everything in it, after the motors are shut off, will be in "free fall." To the passenger, it will seem as though there is no gravity. He will experience the sensation of absolute weightlessness. He can float inside the rocket like a feather. To get around safely, he will need magnetized shoes, or toe-straps in the floor to engage his feet.

Of course this phase of the flight would continue only a few minutes. Though to the passenger it would *appear* that no gravity was acting—gravity would be on the job, just the same. The whole rocket and its contents would be under the pull of the earth's attraction, and would be rapidly falling through its high arched course and back again towards the ground. Presently the lower layers of the air would be approaching; the rocket craft's wings would be spread; it would come in like a glider, automatically guided by short-wave radio.

Passenger rocket trips offer some fascinating possibilities, not only in new experiences, but in time-saving. By rocket, it would be possible to fly entirely around the globe in about eighty-three minutes!

There are, of course, some mighty important obstacles to be overcome before we start making such journeys. Engineers will have to increase the jet velocity of present rocket motors, and they may also be needing more powerful fuels. Better methods of controlling the rocket in flight will also have to be developed; suitable ways of landing and launching, and the like.

But, after all, these are primarily engineering details. In theory the rocket can do the job, and rocket engineers are confident that the problems can all be solved if enough money is available to support the necessary research.

The rocket is not necessarily a weapon of war, but its potentialities are so great it will probably change the nature of future wars for all time. Rockets may doom the big bomber to obscurity. There is no reason why a photocell or radio-controlled rocket could not be developed that would set out after a bomber like a hound after a hare.

These "counter-rockets" may, in fact, be the only possible weapon that can meet the threat of offensive rockets in the next conflict. Long-range rocket projectiles travel faster than artillery, outspeed sound, and only radar can detect their approach. Smaller, automatically-guided rockets could be sent up to explode them harmlessly in flight. Such anti-rocket rockets are still to be developed.

THE best present thinking of engineers is that rockets will not actually compete with anything we now have. They will create a new place in the economy and life habits of the age, like the airplanes in its own time, and the railroad before that.

On every important airport of the world, it may be, weather rockets will ascend regularly into the stratosphere, providing pilots with accurate, complete data on the weather at all flight altitudes. Improved weather maps, made possible by the speed and reliability of innumerable weather rockets, may make it possible to forecast weather not only for a few hours ahead, but for days and weeks. Information about the sun's varying radiation and the conditions of the upper atmosphere, obtained by sounding rockets capable of flying to great heights, may actually make it possible to forecast rainfall, temperature and the like, seasons at a time.

Sounding rockets will also give us some important information about the earth's atmosphere—the largest continent of the world still remaining unexplored. Liquid fuel rocket motors now developed are efficient enough to permit shots as high as 100 miles, and maybe even 200 miles. We shall accordingly be able to learn something about our ocean of air; about its aerial tides; the rising and falling of the electrical layers that affect radio transmission; the nature of the cosmic rays, meteors, the powerful ultra-violet radiation from the sun, the aurora, and such.

Is that all? Not by a long way: when we get to shooting 100 or 200 miles high we shall be just on the verge of the greatest venture of all; the greatest, most fantastic dream ever conceived by the human mind. Beyond the edge of the atmosphere lies space—and in that space all the mysteries of the universe.

Oldest of the escape dreams in the world is the idea of someday leaving the earth, and visiting the moon or nearby planets. Folks who talked such business in the past have been laughed out of countenance—perhaps properly so. But now the ancient idea of interplanetary flight doesn't look quite so silly.

In theory, in fact, it is quite possible. The liquid fuel rocket motor is at once the simplest and most powerful engine possible. It hasn't a single moving part, and doesn't need any air to push against. It simply pushes against its own expanding jet of escaping gas. It doesn't need any air to breathe, either, for it carries its oxygen along with its fuel. It can shoot off into space as far as its fuels will carry it. If there is power enough, it can shoot to the moon.

Unfortunately however, just at present even our best liquid fuel motors are only about half good enough for a moon shot. We need to find a way to double their jet velocity. If we could do that we could make a tricky kind of rocket, called a "step-rocket" which would be capable of shooting to the moon.

It would be able to carry only a small load; perhaps only some sort of radio device able to report the conditions of space and the nature of the moon's climate. Just the same, it would give us our first actual measurement of conditions outside the earth. All we know about extra-terrestrial matters now is based on calculation and what we can see through the telescope.

Still assuming a motor twice as good as any now in existence, and guessing that the payload of moon voyagers, plus their cabin, equipment and the like, would weigh no more than five tons, the starting weight of the rocket would have to be in the neighbourhood of 38,000 tons—about the size of a good battleship. On top of that, the engineering problems would simply be fantastically complex.

Moon enthusiasts needn't despair, however. In the offing are many possibilities. For example, if someone can find a way to liquefy a substance called monatomic hydrogen, it would theoretically give up enough power under proper circumstances to get us to the moon with ease. There is also the possibility of atomic power.

Some thought, too, might be given to building a sort of half-way station in space—an artificial satellite which would skim above the earth at about 5,000 miles, supported by its own speed, just as the moon is. This old idea was first proposed about 1923 by Herman Oberth, an Austro-German rocket experimenter.

The station in space would have to move at about five miles a second in order to keep from falling back to the earth. It could be very large—as big as the engineers cared to make it; and so it is possible to conceive of a sort of glass-enclosed, air-conditioned, artificial island afloat up there, serving as a way-station for voyages farther out into the universe.

Only trouble is how to get it up 5,000 miles into the sky and start it on its orbit around the earth. One idea is to send up a series of rockets to this altitude, at such an angle and speed that they will automatically move into the 5,000-mile orbit. They could then be joined together to form a sort of rocket-raft in space, and the floating continent constructed upon them. It would be made, of course, of material sent up a bit at a time by other rockets.

This project is amusing to consider, but it's pretty hard even for the most ardent believer in scientific miracles to expect to live to see it.

EVEN without the station in space, the rocket is full of breath-taking possibilities. The main problems probably will not be in engineering, but in economics. Rockets and rocket power must ultimately pay their own way, after the first subsidy and infancy stages are past. If they do, research will continue to go forward rapidly—and the skies from here to Luna may then be filled with the wonders of jet propulsion!

END

Another busy day has ended, another lovely bath-time come and gone; and then, in the dream world of a baby's fancy, who knows what happy thoughts slip through a sleepy head? What we *do* know is that misty-fine showers of Johnson's have added to the comfort and happiness of yet another bath.

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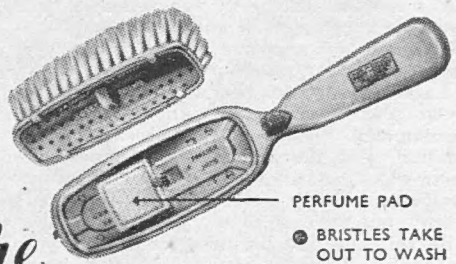

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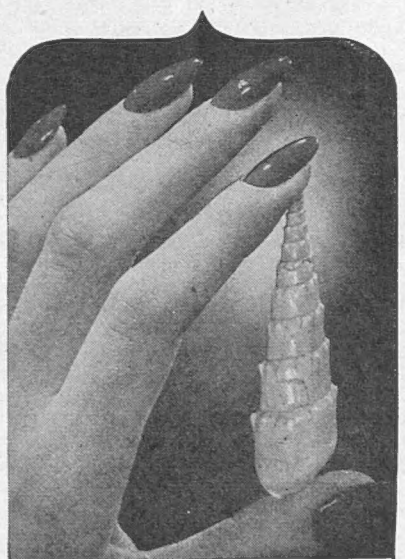

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West-North-West (*Continued from page* 46)

a small car, driven by a smart girl in W.A.A.F. uniform, pulled up beside me.

"Want a lift? I was in the office just now, and heard them direct you to Air Contractors."

"Yes; but I'm nearly there, aren't I?"

"Oh, *no*, it's right round on the far side of the airfield : I expect it was the farthest away place they could think of to send you to. They only wanted to get rid of you, because they didn't know what to do with you."

I thanked her, doubtfully. "What if it isn't the right place, after all? How'm I going to get back?"

"That's all right; I'm coming this way, and I can drop you anywhere; I'd love to land you at the office again, just to see their faces."

"Mine'll be quite worth a glance, if this kind of thing goes on much longer!"

Air Contractors could do nothing for me, but they suggested that I tried the office, where all visiting pilots had to report. This was the most intelligent suggestion I had heard since my arrival, and it proved to be the correct one : in fact, I arrived at the office just as my plane, a neat little yellow and red Auster Autocrat, was taxi-ing in.

Our journey north was uneventful : the speedometer needle registered a steady hundred, and the altimeter two thousand. There was cloud above us, and a few wispy bits below. To the west, the weather looked stormy, but the eastern sky was a clear blue.

By the time my business was concluded, however, the clouds had come down almost to ground level, and heavy rain was falling.

My pilot looked glum, when I returned to the airport. "Weather's deteriorated," she said. "We'll have to stooge around a bit, and see if we can find a way through."

We battled up into the rain, and, although I tried to follow our progress on the map, I soon lost tract of where we were. After about half an hour's flying, the visibility seemed a little better, and I remarked on it to the pilot. She agreed with me, but jerked a thumb in the direction of the black wall of cloud behind us : "We ought to be going *that* way."

"Where are we now?"

She pointed to a spot on the map.

"My, my; we'll soon be over the sea, at this rate!"

She pointed again. "There's an R.A.F. station there; I think we'll go down and get a met. report."

"Can we do that without permission?"

"I'd rather take a chance on the consequences of sullying R.A.F. territory, than risk our necks in these blasted clouds."

We circled the aerodrome, and a flood of blue-clad figures flowed on to the platform round the control tower, questioning the impertinence of a minute yellow and scarlet plane, containing a couple of women.

We landed, taxied up to the control tower, and got out.

"Last time I did this, I was locked in the guard room for a couple of hours," said my pilot, cheerfully. Fortunately her experience was not repeated; we were received as honoured guests, and allowed to join in all the fun of the fair. Whilst we were there, news came through that one of their pilots had crash landed on a racecourse in the south; and everyone went into paroxysms of mirth, over the mess he'd made of his kite, and what he had coming to him on his return.

Another unfortunate, lost over the sea, wirelessed for homing instructions, and, having been given them, proceeded to get lost over land : he created a lot of merriment until we tired of him and passed him over to an aerodrome further south.

The weather improved gradually, and we decided to make for home, planning our route via the Severn Valley. A wing commander came out to swing our prop—which wafted off his cap—and we departed, followed by shouts of : "Mind how you go!"; "Don't run into the Wrekin!"

Back at the airfield from which I had started I said good-bye to my pilot, watched her take off for London, and made my way to the car park. My ministers of misinformation had all disappeared : gone home, no doubt, to summon up sufficient strength for the task of thinking up places to send anyone who might apply for their help on the morrow.

Well, good luck to them : in spite of their effort—or lack of it—I had enjoyed my day.

END

Know Your Cooker (*Continued from page* 51)

jams or something needing rapid cooking. Do not use the griller as an ordinary burner but only as a warming plate when the griller is already in use.

Stewing. Once the pan is boiling keep covered, and reduce flame to simmering point. If stewing in the oven set the casserole *low down* in the oven at Regulo 1 and leave for several hours once it is hot.

Light the griller a few minutes before use to avoid hard toast and always avoid a fierce flame when grilling meat so that it is cooked evenly right through.

Oven. Light the oven about 15 minutes before use. If you have not a Regulo setting for your recipe you can calculate that heat above Regulo 8–10 is a very hot oven; 6–7 a hot oven; 3–4 a medium oven; below 3 a slow oven.

Pastry, meat and batter are usually best begun at the *top* of the oven and lowered to the middle when half cooked.

Put cakes in the middle of the oven and leave undisturbed.

Set stews and milk puddings on the lowest grid. This principle applies equally with electricity and coal ovens. Bear in mind when filling the oven that the temperature gets a little less on the lower shelves. Therefore, if you are putting two things into the oven which require about the same temperature put one on the top and one on the middle shelf and then change them round half-way through cooking. In the case of two tins of small cakes or a sponge sandwich cake which has to be left undisturbed while it rises, put the second tin of mixture in 10 minutes after the first. You can then safely put the first tin down to the lower shelf and the second on to the top one. For myself, I prefer to cook a sandwich in one piece in an ordinary cake-tin in the middle of the oven and split it when cool.

Electric Cookers. Having arranged the shelves in the oven switch on and leave 20 minutes to heat. Before opening the oven door switch on to *High* for a moment as the temperature drops very quickly once the door is open. These are rough calculations for heat; very hot oven, 500 F.; hot oven, 450 F.; moderate oven, 400–350 F.; below 300 F. a slow oven. Once the oven is hot the temperature can be sustained at *Low* but watch your thermometer and, as a rule, leave it at *High* for the first few minutes of cooking. It should be possible to give anything like biscuits, meat dishes, pies or milk puddings, etc., their last 10 minutes of cooking with the heat switched off; the same with the boiling plates.

In an electric oven keep food well in the centre and avoid overcrowding otherwise the food is apt to scorch.

Solid fuel cookers. Give the fire a good rake about half an hour before cooking starts. Make up the fire with dampers open. When the thermometer registers a little over the required temperature make up again and close the dampers. The oven will probably then drop to the required temperature or you can open the oven door for a few minutes. Leave the fire untouched as far as possible after this, but if it does play tricks make it up from the back the moment the thermometer begins to tumble downwards. Do not poke. This type of cooker is easiest of all for top-of-the-stove cooking as there is such a varying range of heat. You have only to push the pans a little farther back or to one side to reduce it from boiling to simmering and provided you can master your fire, and keep your oven at a constant heat, it gives a wonderfully even cooking. Most modern solid fuel cookers are provided with thermometers but if you haven't one you can soon accustom yourself to varying temperatures by the feel of the heat on your hand when you hold it in the oven.

END

Books (*Continued from page* 45)

has brainstorms with potter's wheels out of the Bible and chamber-pots circling round his head—all done by lightning, I'm told—and a chorus of foremen in bowler hats singing 'Do it, do it, do it.'" Crazy, did I say? But vastly entertaining.

TWO men tell their stories in Mr. George Beardmore's **"A Tale of Two Thieves"** (MacDonald, 8s. 6d.) : a solicitor, Warrilow, who explains how he came by three chests of gold in his cellar; his clerk, Fenton, who discloses why he had every right to steal them. Linked up with the treasure is the mystery of Warrilow's murder. The author, a nephew of Arnold Bennett, deftly turns mystery and melodrama into humour with a twist that gives his novel originality.

HERE is a list of other books which will repay the attention of readers :

NOVELS

"The Face of Things," by Ann Ritner (Hammond & Hammond, 8s. 6d.); **"Pattern of People,"** by Jane-Eliza Hasted (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); **"The Locust Years,"** by S. C. George (Jarrolds, 8s. 6d.); **"Silver Moon Cottage,"** by Sara Ware Bassett (Rich & Cowan, 8s. 6d.); **"Desire is not Dead,"** by Sheila Burns (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"The Lady of Marigny,"** by Francis L. Wheeler (Skeffington, 9s. 6d.); **"Change Partners,"** by Alan Kennington (Andrew Melrose, 8s. 6d.); **"Green for a Season,"** by Peter Irving (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.); **"Louise,"** by Mary Nethercot (Sentinel Publications, 8s. 6d.); **"Duel in the Sun,"** by Niven Busch (W. H. Allen, 9s. 6d.); **"What Beckoning Ghost,"** by Douglas G. Browne (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"Set to Partners,"** by Ruth Adam (Chapman & Hall, 8s. 6d.); **"Shreds of Circumstance,"** by Madge Macbeth (W. H. Allen, 9s. 6d.); **"Mrs. Heriot's House,"** by Barbara Webster (Rich & Cowan, 8s. 6d.); **"How Swift the Tide,"** by Enid Gwynne (Rockliff, 8s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS

"Games for Court and Garden," by Gordon Winter (Pilot Press, 6s. 6d.); **"Unwanted Child,"** by Dr. Eustace Chesser (Rich & Cowan, 12s. 6d.); **"Cartoons by Strube"** (Lane Publications, 3s. 6d.); **"Derbyshire,"** by Nellie Kirkham (Paul Elek, 9s. 6d.)

END

1.10.47

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